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WAR PROSE

BOOKS BY D. F. KARAKA

The Pulse of Oxford

Oh You English !

I Go West

Out of Dust

Chungking Diary

PAMPHLETS

Karaka Hits Propaganda

All My Yesterdays

NOVELS

Just Flesh

There Lay The City

We Never Die

BOOKS BY G. N. ACHARYA

Freedom First

They Speak For India (Compilation)

AL-15

WAR PROSE

Compiled by

D. F. KARAKA

AND

G. N. ACHARYA

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PREFACE

War Prose is not only war-like prose. It is prose written or spoken during the war. There is rhythm in this prose; there is music. In making the selections we have not been swayed by our personal preferences nor allowed our judgment to be affected by our prejudices. Neither our distinct dislike of the dour Mr. Amery nor our warm affection for Nehru has made any difference. Both have been allowed to have their say..

Also we have not allowed our estimate of the personality uttering the words or our own construction of the words uttered to influence our selection. We have not gone behind the words and tried to look at the sincerity or otherwise of the speaker. The word is the thing for us.

War time difficulties of communication have made it difficult for us to obtain permission from the various sources from which **War Prose** has been culled. We crave the indulgence of those whose permission we should have sought either under the law or out of courtesy.

We wish to thank the Friends of the Soviet Union and the United States Office of War Information for help in preparing this compilation.

D. F. K.
G. N. A.

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WAR PROSE

INTO THE DARKNESS

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year 'Give me light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied 'Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be better than light.'

From the King's Christmas Broadcast—1939.

IN QUARREL WITH GOD *Mahatma Gandhi's faith in God is equally firm but not so simple as that of the King.*

I had answered a telegraphic invitation and taken the first train I could catch....With my irrepressible and out and out non-violence, I knew that I could not represent the national mind and I should cut a sorry figure if I tried to do so. I told His Excellency as much...Therefore, there could be no question of any understanding or negotiation with me...I have returned from the Viceregal Lodge empty-handed and without any understanding, open or secret.....

Having, therefore, made my position...clear, I told His Excellency that my own sympathies were with England and France from the purely humanitarian stand-point. I told him that I could not contemplate without being stirred to the very depth the destruction of London which had hitherto been regarded as impregnable. And as I was picturing before him the Houses of Parliament and the Westminster Abbey and their possible destruction, I broke down. I have

become disconsolate. In the secret of my heart I am in perpetual quarrel with God that He should allow such things to go on. My non-violence seems almost impotent. Impotence is in men. I must try on without losing faith even though I may break in the attempt.

—*Extracts from press statement
issued after interviewing the Viceroy
—September 5, 1939.*

UNENDING SHOCKS

For the effect of the war on the mind of one not so devout, but equally sensitive, one must go to *Jawaharlal Nehru*.

War and India. What were we to do? For years past we had thought about this and proclaimed our policy. Yet in spite of all this, the British Government declared India to be a belligerent country without any reference to our people, to the Central Assembly or the Provincial governments. This was a slight that was hard to take, for it signifies that Imperialism functioned as before. The Congress Working Committee issued a long statement in the middle of September, 1939, in which our past and present policy was defined and the British Government was invited to explain its war aims, more particularly in regard to British Imperialism. We had frequently condemned Fascism and Nazism, but we were more intimately concerned with the Imperialism that dominated over us. Was this Imperialism to go? Did they recognise the independence of India and her right to frame her own constitution through a Constituent Assembly? What immediate steps would be taken to introduce popular control of the Central Government?.....

The British Government's answer was clear. It left no doubt that they were not prepared to clarify their war aims or to hand over control of the govern-

ment to the people's representatives. The old order continued and was to continue, and British interests in India could not be left unprotected.....

As the war progressed, new problems arose, or the old problems took new shape, and the old alignments seemed to change, the old standards to fade away. There were many shocks, and adjustment was difficult: the Russo-German pact, the Soviet's invasion of Finland, the friendly approach of Russia towards Japan. Were there any principles, or any standards of conduct in the world, or was it all sheer opportunism?

April came and the Norwegian debacle. May brought the horrors of Holland and Belgium, June the sudden collapse of France, and Paris, that proud and fair city, nursery of freedom, lay crushed and fallen. Not only military defeat came to France, but, what was infinitely worse, spiritual submission and degradation. How did all this come about, I wondered, unless there was something rotten at the core? Was it that England and France were the outstanding representatives of an old order that must pass, and therefore, unable to hold out? Was it that Imperialism, though apparently giving them strength, really weakened them in a struggle of this nature? They could not fight for freedom if they denied it themselves and their imperialism would turn to unabashed Fascism, as it had done in France. The shadow of Neville Chamberlain and his old policy still fell on England. The Burma-China route was being closed in order to appease Japan. And here in India there was no hint of change, and our self-imposed restraint was understood to mean an incapacity to do anything effective. The lack of any vision in the British Government amazed me, its utter incapacity to read the signs of the times and adapt itself accordingly. Was this some law of nature that in international happenings, as in other fields, cause must inexorably be followed by effect; that a system that had ceased to have any useful function could not even defend itself intelligently.

If the British Government were slow of understanding and could not learn from experience, what can one say about the Government of India? There is something comic and something tragic about the functioning of this Government, for nothing seems to shake it out of its age-long complacency; neither logic nor reason; neither peril nor disaster. Like *Rip Van Winkle*, it sleeps, even though awake, on Simla Hill.

—*Epilogue to American edition of Autobiography. Feb. 1, 1941.*

AS A POLE I PRAY

One of the noblest and most moving pieces of prose written in the early days of this war, was this article by *Maurice Frydman*, a Pole who has made India his home. Our reluctance to make cuts in this article will be easily understood.

In times when a deadly storm has gathered over the world, and nobody knows its intensity and duration, when black clouds obstruct all light and allow us to see only the nearest issue, when all notions of right and wrong will be reduced to the biological righteousness of victory, and sinfulness of defeat, when ends will be all important and means of no consideration, when humanity will be sharply divided into friends and enemies, friends all good and enemies all bad, when the destruction of life and wealth will go on on a scale never yet reached, it is essential that those who can keep their heads above the clouds, do their best to see that the conflagration, however terrible, does not touch human hearts and minds.

Their endeavours may be apparently weak and ineffective, they may be ground between divergent loyalties, they may suffer contempt and persecution,

yet to preserve the seeds of a new and better life is the highest duty of man in war time.

It is hard to keep afloat in a flood, but it is infinitely harder to keep a few glowing embers untouched by water.

The last war has not taught mankind the obvious truth, that humanity is one and when nations, which are but limbs of a mighty whole, struggle with each other, the whole suffers and its suffering spreads to other limbs. This truth not having been realised, we have now another war.

The responsibility for war we all share, its horrors we shall all have to endure. The only hope that the war will be short and lead to a better future lies in our not forsaking truth and mercy even on the battlefield.

The worst aspect of a war is not the physical suffering and material destruction; it is the reckless flouting of all the best and highest in mankind. Humanity can easily make up a loss of life and wealth, but loss of culture, of truthfulness, of human consideration for the weak, the defenceless, the refined, is a mutilation that takes centuries to disappear.

All war is inhuman, yet those who are in charge of it are human. Let the Peace Front be really a front of peace and goodwill, even to the opponent. Mercy is surely a sign of strength and respect for women and children, for the old and the helpless, for schools, hospitals and seats of art and science is not going to affect victory.

There was in Poland an ancient law that war is over when the enemy is pushed back out of Polish territory and no invasion of the enemy's land is permitted. It reflects an attitude to war, that does honour to one of the best fighting nations of the world. Poland was throughout her history a breakwater protecting Europe against devastating onslaughts.

The war is against Hitlerism and not against Germany. But even Hitlerism is our common responsibility. All the world has collaborated in making Hitlerism the only way out for Germany's plight.

Yet Hitlerism is only a rash—Germany is still there, the frugal, long-suffering, hardworking, hard-thinking, idealistic and highly cultured part and parcel of humanity. The disease must be fought and not the patient.

As a Pole I pray—May my country's soldiers never attack a woman or child even inadvertently, never destroy what people hold dear, never use poison gas, never ill treat their prisoners, never molest the civil population, never condemn Germany as a whole and never become so mean as to need and spread lies and calumnies. They have not.

They have not yet heard of the highest ideal of non-violent resistance but courage they have and determination. Poland may be swept over, but the flood will recede, as it happened so many times in the past. Poland's future greatness depends on the devotion she will show in the darkest hour to the ideal of Freedom for all mankind, for she is a nation that worships Freedom above all. May everybody in Poland remember that the fight is not for Poland's Freedom alone, it is for the Freedom of Germany as well and for the Freedom of the world.

"For your Freedom and ours" was written on the banners of Polish fighters for Independence. If the same feeling is burning bright now, Poland will never perish. She will emerge from the turmoil, stronger than ever in the strength of the soul, a faithful servant of humanity.

The war may be long and weary. Many things will change before it is over but the seeds of truth and love must be kept intact. The future of the world depends

on it. This war will be the last if it removes all causes of war and burns out the cause of all causes—stupidity and selfishness of individuals and nations.

—“*Bombay Chronicle*” September 17, 1939. The article appeared in other papers also.

SALUTE TO POLAND

What, however, actually happened to Poland and her hopes for the future are described in a broadcast by *Winston Churchill* to the Polish people on the occasion of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of a constitution by the Polish Parliament—May 3, 1943.

All over Europe, races and states whose culture and history made them a part of the general life of Christendom in centuries when the Prussians were no better than a barbarous tribe and the German Empire no more than an agglomeration of pumper-nickel principalities, are now prostrate under the dark, cruel yoke of Hitler and his Nazi gang. Every week his firing parties are busy in a dozen lands... The atrocities committed by Hitler upon the Poles, the ravaging of their country, the scattering of their homes, the affronts to their religion, the enslavement of their man-power, exceed in severity and in scale the villainies perpetrated by Hitler in any other conquered land.

This war against the mechanized barbarians, who slave-hearted themselves, are fitted only to carry their curse to others—this war will be long and hard. But the end is sure; the end will reward all toil, all disappointments, all suffering in those who faithfully serve the cause of European and world freedom. A

day will dawn, perhaps sooner than we now have a right to hope, when the insane attempt to found a Prussian domination on racial hatred, on the armoured vehicle, on the secret police, on the alien overseer, and on still more filthy Quislings, will pass like a monstrous dream. And in that morning of hope and freedom, not only the embattled and at last well-armed Democracies, but all that is noble and fearless in the New World as well as in the Old, will salute the rise of Poland to be a nation once again.

A MOCKING FANTASY Poland was the first. But presently all Europe was under the Nazi heel. The misery of the conquered people of Europe is depicted in these extracts from a speech by *Churchill* to a Conference of Dominion High Commissioners and Ministers of Allied Countries on June 12, 1941.

But far worse than these visible injuries is the misery of the conquered peoples. We see them hounded, terrorized, exploited. Their manhood is forced to work under conditions indistinguishable in many cases from actual slavery. Their goods and chattels are pillaged, or filched for worthless money. Their homes, their daily life are pried into and spied upon by the all pervading system of secret political police, which now stalks the streets and byways of a dozen lands.

The prisons of the continent no longer suffice. The concentration camps are overcrowded. Every dawn the German volleys crack. Czechs, Poles, Dutchmen, Norwegians, Yugoslavs, and Greeks, Frenchmen, Bel-

gians, Luxemburgers, make the great sacrifice for faith and country. A vile race of Quislings—to use the new word which will carry the scorn of mankind down the centuries—is hired to fawn upon the conqueror, to collaborate in his designs, and to enforce his rule upon their fellow-countrymen. While grovelling low themselves. Such is the plight of once glorious Europe, and such are the atrocities against which we are in arms.

It is upon this foundation that Hitler, with his tattered lackey Mussolini at his tail and Admiral Darlan frisking by his side, pretends to build out of hatred, appetite and racial assertion a new order for Europe. Never did so mocking a fantasy obsess the mind of mortal man. We cannot tell what the course of this fell war will be as it spreads remorseless through ever wider regions. We know it will be hard, we expect it will be long; we cannot predict or measure its episodes or its tribulations. But one thing is certain, one thing is sure, one thing stands out stark and undeniable, massive and unassailable, for all the world to see.

It will not be by German hands that the structure of Europe will be rebuilt or the Union of the European family achieved. In every country into which the German armies and the Nazi Police have broken there has sprung up from the soil a hatred of the German name and a contempt for the Nazi creed which the passage of hundreds of years will not efface from human memory. We cannot yet see how deliverance will come, or when it will come, but nothing is more certain than that every trace of Hitler's footsteps, every stain of his infected and corroding fingers will be sponged and purged and, if need be, blasted from the surface of the earth.

**FREEDOM SHALL NOT
DIE**

Wickedness triumphed but not for ever. The determination of the Freedom

Powers to fight back is expressed in this extract from *Churchill's* radio speech to America receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Rochester, New York, June 16, 1941.

A wonderful story is unfolding before our eyes. How it will end we are not allowed to know. But on both sides of the Atlantic we all feel, I repeat, all, that we are part of it, that our future and that of many generations is at stake. We are sure that the character of human society will be shaped by the resolves we take and the deeds we do. We need not bewail the fact that we have been called upon to face such solemn responsibilities. We may be proud, and even rejoice amid our tribulations, that we have been born at this cardinal time for so great an age and so splendid an opportunity of service here below.

Wickedness, enormous, panoplied, embattled, seemingly triumphant, casts its shadow over Europe and Asia. Laws, customs, and traditions are broken up. Justice is cast from her seat. The rights of the weak are trampled down. The grand freedoms of which the President of the United States has spoken so movingly are spurned and chained. The whole stature of man, his genius, his initiative, and his nobility, is ground down under systems of mechanical barbarism and of organised and scheduled terror.....

And now the old lion with her lion cubs at her side stands alone against hunters who are armed with deadly weapons and impelled by desperate and destructive rage. Is the tragedy to repeat itself once more? Ah no! This is not the end of the tale. The stars in their courses proclaim the deliverance of mankind. Not so easily shall the onward progress of the peoples be barred. Not so easily shall the lights of freedom die.

**BLOOD, TOIL, TEARS
AND SWEAT**

And it was to keep Freedom from imminent death that *Churchill* made his famous call for action, on assuming office as Prime Minister on May 14, 1940.

I say to the House, as I said to the Ministers who joined the Government, that I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many long months of struggle and suffering.

Come then, let us to the task, to the battle and the toil, each to our part, each to our station! Fill the armies, rule the air, pour out the munitions, strangle the U-boats, sweep the mines, plough the land, build the ships, guard the streets, succour the wounded, uplift the downcast and honour the brave. Let us go forward together in all parts of the Empire. There is not a week, nor a day, nor an hour to be lost.

TO THE LAST

Churchill reiterated the same resolve again in a speech to the House of Commons on June 4.

We shall fight in France; we shall fight on the seas and oceans; we shall fight with growing confidence and strength in the air; we shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on beaches; we shall fight on landing grounds; we shall fight in the fields, in streets and in hills.

We shall never surrender and even if—which I do not for a moment believe—this island or a large part of it was subjected and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British fleet, will carry on the struggle until in God's Good Time, a new

world with all its power and might steps forth to the liberation and rescue of the old.

EXCURSION TO HELL

This grim resolve was first translated into action at Dunkirk. Technically and in a military sense Dunkirk was a disaster. But spiritually it was a triumph. The next two extracts tell exactly how.

Nothing I feel could be more English than this Battle of Dunkirk both in its beginning and its end, its folly and its grandeur. It was very English in what was sadly wrong with it; this much has been freely admitted, and we are assured will be freely discussed when the proper moment arrives.....But having admitted this much, let's do ourselves the justice of admitting too that this Dunkirk affair was also very English... in the way in which, when apparently all was lost so much was gloriously retrieved. Bright honour was almost 'plucked from the moon.' What began as a miserable blunder, a catalogue of misfortunes and miscalculations, ended as an epic of gallantry...out of a black gulf of humiliation rises a sun of blazing glory...

And to my mind what was most characteristically English about it—so typical of us, so absurd and yet so grand and gallant that you hardly know whether to laugh or to cry when you read about them—was the part played in the difficult and dangerous embarkation, not by the warships, magnificent though they were, but by the little pleasure-steamers. We have known them and laughed at them, these fussy little steamers all our lives. We have called them the 'shillingicks'. We have watched them load and unload their crowds of holiday passengers—the gents full of high spirits and bottled beer, the ladies eating pork pies, the children

sticky with peppermint rock. Sometimes they only went as far as the next seaside resort. But the boldest of them might manage a channel crossing, to let everybody have a glimpse of Boulogne... They seemed to belong to the same ridiculous holiday world as pierrots and piers, sand castles, ham-and-egg teas, palmists, automatic machines, and crowded sweating promenades. But they were called out of that world—and let it be noted, they were called out in good time and good order. Yes, these *Brighton Belles*, *Brighton Queens*, left that innocent world of theirs to sail into the inferno, to defy bombs, shells, magnetic mines, torpedoes, machine-gun fire—to rescue our soldiers... And our great-grandchildren, when they learn how we began this war by snatching glory out of defeat, and then swept on to victory, may also learn how the little holiday steamers made an excursion to hell and came back glorious.

—From a broadcast by J. B. Priestly.

TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY

So long as the English tongue survives, the word Dunkirk will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbour, in such a hell as never blazed before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There beaten but unconquered, in shining splendour she faced the enemy. They sent away the wounded first. Men died so that others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazis had in plenty. It was not so simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was not the result of careful planning, for there could have been little. It was the common man of the free countries, rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm and ship applying to war the lessons learned when he went down the shaft to bring trapped comrades,

when he hurled the life-boat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake. This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts. It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victory.

—'New York Times' in an editorial.

BATTLE OF THE AIR

Hitler's dream of an invasion of England, by sea having been shattered, he sought to conquer and subjugate her from the air. How his effort was foiled is narrated in 'FRONT LINE'—a narration so splendid and moving that we make no apology for the seventeen extracts which follow.

The story of the month in the air has been told and is known. Ground activities were little more than the shadowy image of events above. Noise filled the whole expanse of sky above Kentish fields—the vibrating hum of engines and the rattle of machine-guns, sometimes high and faint, but sometimes loud and near, as an unattended Nazi fighter saw civilians on the ground and came down to practise what he had been taught. The land-girls took their hands from the plough for long enough to put on their steel helmets, and carried on. The tractor drivers worked in pairs, facing opposite ways across the field, for their engines drowned the noise of planes, and if they were to be machine-gunned they wanted warning.....

Children at tea in the trim gardens of Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells defied their harassed nannies'

orders to come to shelter and stared at the combats overhead.....

—(August 1940)

THE THING HAPPENS

For years Londoners had been instinctively aware of the shape of things to come. Now they understood that things were coming to them, and they were ready. Ready, that is to say, as far as any city could have been ready for a test that can never be understood until it is experienced; ready for sacrifice and mentally stripped for action against the unimaginable.....

And on 7th September it came. That gloriously fine Saturday afternoon a Senior Fire Officer off duty was having a leisurely tea in the shade on a Dulwich lawn. There were planes about, and some gun noise—when had there not been? But suddenly soon after five o'clock he saw a great rash of black dots breaking out to the north against the summer sky—hostile planes in numbers never yet seen over any great city, moving up-river from the East. There were the heavy thumps of distant bomb explosions, and then column after column of black smoke, growing up like trees, merging into a curtain, spreading out into a great rolling cloud. The Fire Officer knew that this was business. He was out of his flannels, into his uniform and in five minutes on his way to Headquarters and to a greater fire-fight than any he had seen or imagined.

THE SUN GREW PALE

.....The docks blazed along all their miles, on both banks of the river, and the wondering watchers looking down-river from the central bridges saw the sun's own light grow pale beside the crimson glare that hung and flickered above the eastern boroughs.

—(London, September 7, 1940.)

THE FRAIL MOON

The greatest attack of the month took place on the night of the 15th—full moon. The moon-goddess had a long flirtation with the Nazi bombers, attracting them powerfully in those early months. Later our night fighters proved the lady frail and won her favour for themselves, to the enemy's great discomfiture.

—(*London, October, 1940.*)

OBJECTIVE OF NAZI ATTACK: BULLYING

As for the bullying, it took the citizens by surprise, and had some of them off balance for the first few days. For months it shortened their sleep and lengthened their day's work. It brought to all of them a great deal of strain, anxiety and discomfort, to great numbers moments of sharp peril, and to not a few, such sights and sounds of horror as the British Island had not known for many centuries. It subjected all London to an ordeal such as no other modern city had endured and survived. The Germans did their bullying, as they wage their whole war, not by halves. Mrs. Jones and Warden Smith went through hell for months. But they are a tough pair—too tough for the worst the Nazi air fleet could do. London was not induced to sue for a separate peace.

FIRE IN DOCKS

...There were pepper fires, loading the surrounding air heavily with stinging particles so that when the fireman took a deep breath it felt like breathing fire itself. There were rum fires, with torrents of blazing liquid pouring from the warehouse doors (nor any drop to drink) and barrels exploding like bombs them-

selves. There was a paint fire, another cascade of white hot flame, coating the pumps with varnish that could not be cleaned for weeks. A rubber fire gave forth black clouds of smoke so asphyxiating that it could only be fought from a distance, and was always threatening to choke the attackers.

Sugar, it seems, burns well in liquid form as it floats on the water in dockland basins. Tea makes a blaze that is "sweet sickly and very intense.".....A grain warehouse on fire brings forth unexpected offspring—banks of black flies that the firemen's jets wash off the wall, rats in hundreds, and as the residue of burnt wheat, "a sticky mess that pulls your boots off."

Into this infernal bazaar the firemen had journeyed at once and they kept coming back as long as the enemy did.

SO THAT THE CITY MIGHT LIVE

The brave and toilsome feats that lay behind this unsung victory over the Nazis were seen by very few. The citizens were out of sight when some elderly turn-cock trotted round with his heavy key to stand turning and turning it in the blitz, while the guns flashed and the bombs dropped throughout the three quarters of an hour that it took to close the big water main. When a gas main was broken and set alight, and the great unquenchable swaying column of fire roared upwards above the roofs of the nearby houses, there were—very properly—no admiring Londoners to applaud that old acquaintance, "the man from the gas company." He worked in the muddy crater, in the scorching poisoned air, to plug the end of the main, or forced his way past blazing debris to reach a valve and cut off the supply.

THE FIREMAN

"The fireman was taught to avoid heroics. Only the prospect of saving another life justified risking his own.....Sometimes he stood firmly on a flame-lit roadway, as the pictures so often show him, knees a little bent and body braced against the thrust of water through his hose. Sometimes he sank to his chin in oily mud, waded through hot rivers of paint, or leapt to dodge fiery streams of petrol.....Having got into a building, he might find himself lost in utter darkness unable even to find his hose and trace his way back..... He saw the broken bodies of comrades tossed high in the air with their pump by the direct hit of a bomb. He saw walls fall on them, roofs crash through buildings where they were at work.....

THE MAN IN THE STREET

No one will know how many private terrors, born in some timid or imaginative mind as the bombs whistled down and the near-by houses crashed, were stifled quietly in the cupboard under the stairs. Statisticians cannot say whether there were many families, or few, in which it took the firm leadership of the group to steady the quivering nerves of one or two as they sat together in the kitchen or the Anderson and heard horror loosed around them. In those first few nights in the East End, when it was still strange as well as horrible to see streets of houses ripped into fragments and the midnight sky so lit that one could easily read by the light of the great flames, when the barrage had not yet begun, there seemed to so many of the staggered and sleepless people nothing before them but to sit and wait night by night until they or their homes, or both were annihilated. There was never a trace of public panic; but the blitz was not a picnic, and no fine slogan about "taking it" should obscure the realities of human fear and heartache.

WHAT DISORGANISATION MEANT

All this meant early rising for the clerks, the shop-girls, warehousemen waitresses, and the rest—early rising after short, broken nights. But one had to look far to find any uninjured Londoner who could not say that he or she had gone to work, even sometimes a little late, everyday of the blitz. Damage to their own homes did not stop them; often bereavement did not. Indeed the unchanged routine of the place of work helped them to face these things. Much that had been familiar all their lives was being torn away in the blast of high explosive, and Londoners did not weep to see it go. But, being human, they needed the feel of something fixed and persistent. In their normal daily work they found it and gripped it hard.

COVENTRY

The first great raid outside London fell upon a city full to overflowing with the workshops and artisans of war. Coventry's population had increased fourfold in the last 25 years.....Over this small city of a quarter-million people, for eleven hours, under the bright full moon of 14th November, the Nazi bombers came and went.....The city's essential services were for a time disorganized...Transport was at first at a complete standstill.....Then the restorative forces got to work. By the second day, more than half the bus routes were being run...Railway engineers and breakdown gangs surpassed themselves. On the 15th, every line out of Coventry was blocked by bombs. By the evening of the 15th, the report came through: "Coventry-Birmingham and Coventry-Leamington clear. Coventry-Nuneaton passenger lines clear. Goods line to Rugby clear except for one stretch single line working."

Achievements in this spirit, could be recorded for every service. Industry must go on. The world might

linger in dismay over the wrecked Cathedral; and in grieved admiration over the human endurance of the dazed and battered population. But it was for practical ends that the police and wardens had gone on their errands in the hail of death and the doughty women of Coventry's voluntary services taken their canteens out to the rescue men among the debris. The raid on Coventry was an act of barbarism but it was also a calculated act of war. Its purpose had to be defeated in the shortest possible time. Attack alone was mere destruction, but attack and defence made a battle. Such fights had to be won. Lost, they would have threatened the survival of the nation and its universal cause.

A BIRMINGHAM STORY

One wintry day the "morning after", a soldier's wife deposited four well scrubbed children at an estates department office, which existed to arrange billeting and rehousing. She asked if the children might stay awhile as the roof of her house had collapsed, and hurried off without waiting for advice or answer. Hours passed. At lunch time no sign of mother, and food was shared round by the staff. The weather got worse. At 5 p.m. still no mother...and no murmur from the exemplary quartet. Eventually, the soldier's wife appeared, wet but in triumph. "Thank you very much, me and the children will be staying at Grannie's to-night and I've found another house to go to-morrow. Good-Night."

BOOTLE TOO CAN TAKE IT

Some thousands of houses in Bootle were roughly handled by blast and bomb splinter... But the inhabitants were not to be driven into taking things too seriously.....Another observer summed it up for an inquirer a little time after the raids. "Of course there's no doubt," said this authority, "that if Jerry kept up

continuous raids night after night on a place like Liverpool a lot of the people would disappear."

"And when would they come back?"

The authority smiled! "Next morning."

GLASGOW AND CLYDEBANK FACE THE BLITZ

It was bright moonlight on the two nights of 13th and 14th March, when the first heavy concentration of German raiders appeared over the Clyde. Incendiaries came down not in scores or hundreds but in masses, like raindrops in a storm or locusts settling upon ripe grain. The fires thus started, fed with more incendiaries and stoked with high explosives, spread and raged with tremendous fierceness. It was said that the glare above the Clyde on these nights could be seen by British airmen patrolling over an Aberdeenshire aerodrome over 100 miles away...In Glasgow and Clydebank some 40,000 houses were damaged on those two nights and the death in the whole area totalled over 1,100.....

That night both in Glasgow and Clydebank countless deeds were done which belong to the fighting traditions of Scotland, though they were done not by picturesque kilted figures at the charge but by drab, dungareed men and women in "tin hats." There is a fine fire-fighting story of the battle at a group of oil tanks, one of the few "military objectives" hit in the raid. Some of the men were fifty hours continuously at work, and at the end there were ninety-six high explosive bomb craters in the limited area over which they had fought. They waded through the moats round burning or threatened tanks; they worked near the sides of the tanks under the blazing drips falling from above. They hosed one another as they worked to make it possible to go on. Not only did they save a good number of the threatened tanks but they extinguished

some that had caught fire and been burning for as long as two days—an excellent rare feat.

A MAD MARCH 1941 STORY!

A Clydebank house holder in his garden, after putting out some incendiary bombs, heard the whistle of a falling bomb and at the same time the steps of a passer-by in the street. Shouting "fly for your life, there's one coming," he rushed behind a bank and flung himself on the ground. After a terrible explosion he picked himself up and went to see what had happened to the passer-by. He found part of a body visible from the waist upwards, the rest being covered with debris. He felt for the face which was stone cold and shouted, "Are you alive, are you alive?" after a moment's silence—"by gosh, I believe I am, I thought I was dead till you spoke." It was a lad of about fourteen, unscathed except for the loss of his trousers which had been blown completely off. When he saw the damage the victim's only remark was, "ma maw will gie me a hello' a row for wasting ma guid troosers."

BOTH BOMBS AND SHELLS

There is one town in the list which has a special burden of its own to bear—Dover, the target of the enemy's shells as well as his bombs. Dover is the front doorstep of the free world, in every truth. From the cliffs you may see German Europe and often, as you look, you will see a flash on the distant coastline. It comes from the muzzle of one of the guns on Gris-Nez and means that in a minute or so a shell will burst on Dover, or thereabouts.

There are still many thousands of people in Dover. They cling to their windswept cliffs and their battered houses. They walk past the peeling, windowless

terraces overlooking their harbour and glance out across the Channel to where Calais lies—Dover's twin: the bond and the free.

BRITAIN SURVIVES THE ORDEAL

During the air attack on Great Britain some 190,000 bombs were dropped up till the end of 1941; 43,667 civilians were killed.....20,178 men, 17,262 women, and 5,460 children under the age of 16 years. The seriously injured number 50,387.....the failure to disturb civil morale or to reduce appreciably the flow of production was complete. The great German air offensive against the back kitchens and front parlours of Britain met with total defeat.....The enemy came, he spared nothing that it was in his power to destroy: and he went with his purpose unachieved.

But the history of the air raids of those months is more than a tale of attempt and frustration. The manner of the attack and of its repulse made it an episode of crucial importance in history, not only of Britain and of Europe, but of our civilization. The great dragon of barbaric reaction that had reared its head in Central Europe stood for the creed of Force. In every threat and every act he trumpeted his belief in the power of matter over spirit. For three densely packed months in 1940 he seemed to make good his philosophy.

It was the conscious privilege of the British people to teach him two lessons.....the earliest of all those which the free peoples of the world will yet enforce upon him. The first was the battle of Britain, when the finest squadrons of his chief weapon of terror were brought low by lesser numbers of freer men. The second was the defeat of his air bombardment by a general and widespread power of thought, action and endurance, based upon the clear consciousness of a just cause.

The first was the triumph of the few ; the second the achievement of the many. The first was the more brilliant ; but the roots of the second struck very deep. Before the war it was the British people, the many, who discerned Hitler for what he is ; it was they, in 1939, who willed his destruction. They had earned their privilege. Mr. Churchill said of Hitler : "He knows that he will have to break us in this island, or lose the war." The civil defence of Britain, by all the men and women in the front line of 1940-41, showed which of these two things it was to be.

UNCONQUERABLE • SPIRIT

After reading "Front Line" one feels that the eulogy *Churchill* expressed in the next two passages was amply justified.

I go about the country whenever I can escape for a few hours or for a day from my duty at headquarters, and I see the damage done by the enemy attacks ; but I also see side by side with the devastation and amidst ruins quiet, confident, bright and smiling eyes, beaming with a consciousness of being associated with a cause far higher and wider than any human or personal issue. I see the spirit of an unconquerable people. I see a spirit bred in freedom, nursed in a tradition which has come down to us through the centuries, and which will surely at this moment, this turning-point in the history of the world, enable us to bear our part in such a way that none of our race who come after us will have any reason to cast reproach upon their sires.

—From Churchill's speech as Chancellor of the University of Bristol on the occasion of conferring the Honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. John G. Winant and others, April 12, 1941.

A TONIC SPECTACLE

To leave the offices in Whitehall with their ceaseless hum of activity and stress, and to go out to the front, by which I mean the streets and wharves of London or Liverpool, Manchester, Cardiff, Swansea or Bristol, is like going out of a hothouse on to the bridge of a fighting ship. It is a tonic which I should recommend any who are suffering from fretfulness to take in strong doses when they have need of it.

It is quite true that I have seen many painful scenes of havoc, and of fine buildings and acres of cottage homes blasted into rubble heaps of ruin. But it is just in those very places where the malice of the savage enemy has done its worst, and where the ordeal of the men, women and children has been most severe, that I found their morale most high and splendid. Indeed, I felt encompassed by an exaltation of spirit in the people which seemed to lift mankind and its troubles above the level of material facts into that joyous serenity we think belongs to a better world than this.

—From a broadcast by Churchill,
made after a tour of bombed towns,
April 27, 1941.

CONGRESS ASKS FOR WAR AIMS

What is this "better world" of which *Churchill* spoke? What will the world be like at the end of the war? What ought it to be like? In other words what are the war aims of the Allies?

This question has agitated the people from the very beginning of the war. It was raised in concrete terms by the Indian National

Congress at the very outbreak of the war.

Apart from its political significance this statement is couched in language of considerable beauty and power as the following extracts show.

The Congress has repeatedly declared its entire disapproval of the ideology and practice of Fascism and Nazism and their glorification of war and violence and the suppression of the human spirit. It has condemned the aggression in which they have repeatedly indulged and their sweeping away of well-established principles and recognised standards of civilised behaviour. It has seen in Fascism and Nazism the intensification of the principle of Imperialism against which the Indian people have struggled for many years. The Working Committee must, therefore, unhesitatingly condemn the latest aggression of the Nazi government in Germany against Poland and sympathize with those who resist it.

The Congress has further laid down that the issue of war and peace for India must be decided by the Indian people, and no outside authority can impose this decision upon them, nor can the Indian people permit resources to be exploited for imperialist ends. Any imposed decision, or attempt to use India's resources, for purposes not approved by them, will necessarily have to be opposed by them. If co-operation is desired in a worthy cause, this cannot be obtained by compulsion and imposition, and the committee cannot agree to the carrying out by the Indian people of orders issued by external authority. Co-operation must be between equals, by mutual consent for a cause which both consider to be worthy. The people of India have, in the recent past, faced great risks and willingly made great sacrifices to secure their own freedom and

establish a free democratic state in India, and their sympathy is entirely on the side of democracy and freedom. But India cannot associate herself in a war said to be for democratic freedom when that very freedom is denied to her, and such limited freedom as she possesses, is taken away from her.

TOWARDS A REAL WORLD ORDER

If the war is to defend the status quo, imperialist possessions, colonies, vested interests and privilege, then India can have nothing to do with it. If, however, the issue is democracy and world order based on democracy, then India is intensely interested in it. The committee are convinced that the interests of Indian democracy do not conflict with the interests of British democracy or of world democracy. But there is an inherent and ineradicable conflict between democracy for India or elsewhere and imperialism and fascism. If Great Britain fights for the maintenance and extension of democracy, then she must necessarily end imperialism in her own possessions, establish full democracy in India, and the Indian people must have the right of self-determination by framing their own constitution through a Constituent Assembly without external interference, and must guide her own policy. A free democratic India will gladly associate herself with other free nations for mutual defence against aggression and for economic co-operation. She will work for the establishment of a real world order based on freedom and democracy, utilising the world's knowledge and resources for the progress and advancement of humanity.

The crisis that has overtaken Europe is not of Europe only but of humanity and will not pass like other crises or wars leaving the essential structure of the present day world intact. It is likely to refashion the world for good or ill, politically, socially and economically. The crisis is the inevitable consequence of

the social and political conflicts and contradictions which have grown alarmingly since the last Great War, and it will not be finally resolved till these conflicts and contradictions are removed and a new equilibrium established. The equilibrium can only be based on the ending of the domination and exploitation of one country by another, and on a reorganisation of economic relations on a juster basis for the common good of all. India is the crux of the problem, for India has been the outstanding example of modern imperialism and no refashioning of the world can succeed which ignores this vital problem. With her vast resources she must play an important part in any scheme of world reorganisation. But she can only do so as a free nation whose energies have been released to work for this great end. Freedom today is indivisible and every attempt to retain imperialist domination in any part of the world will lead inevitably to fresh disaster.

FREEDOM FOR ALL

War has broken out in Europe and the prospect is terrible to contemplate. But war has been taking its heavy toll of human life during recent years in Abyssinia, Spain and China. Innumerable innocent men, women and children have been bombed to death from the air in open cities, cold-blooded massacres, torture and utmost humiliation have followed each other in quick succession during these years of horror. That horror grows, and violence and the threat of violence shadow the world and, unless checked and ended, will destroy the precious inheritance of past ages. That horror has to be checked in Europe and China, but it will not end till its root causes of fascism and imperialism are removed. To that end the Working Committee are prepared to give their co-operation. But it will be infinite tragedy if even this terrible war is carried on in the spirit of imperialism and for the purpose of

retaining this structure which is itself the cause of war and human degradation.

The Working Committee wish to declare that the Indian people have no quarrel with the German people or the Japanese people or any other people. But they have a deep-rooted quarrel with systems which deny freedom and are based on violence and aggression. They do not look forward to a victory of one people over another or to a dictated peace, but to a victory of real democracy for all the people of all countries and a world freed from the nightmare of violence and imperialist oppression.

FOR WHOSE PROFIT ? This question of war aims has produced an interminable debate. It was discussed in the British House of Commons as elsewhere. The following four extracts from speeches of private members are interesting samples.

Economic democracy does not mean the uncompensated expropriation of every existing ownership. Nor does it mean that thousands of small men will not be carrying on their little businesses and running and managing them in very much the same way as they are doing now today. But it does mean that the power to control this tremendous industrial and economic organisation which is a feature of our present age must be taken out of the hands of private individuals who have no responsibility at all to the community. These powers must be vested in all of us. I wonder whether any honourable member will get up and deny that. We are talking now, for the second time in a quarter of a century, about the new spirit of each for all and all for each, as found in war time, being carried over into the

tasks of peace. This time let us do it. The Prime Minister said that even should all homes be levelled, then we should be found standing together to build them up again. Let us go to that task in peace-time. Indeed, I am not worrying about the hours that will have to be worked; we will work in an entirely new way to get this job done, but on one condition—that our great brick-fields and steel-works are not being worked by powerful people for their own good, and that the land on which we shall build our cities shall be ours, so that we shall know that private individuals are not making great profits out of the land.

—Sir Richard Acland in the debate
on the King's speech. November 21,
1940.

STALIN WILL BE VICTOR

We say that we are fighting for freedom and democracy. I do not want to say anything at all about liberty among the Greeks, the Poles or the other Allies. There is one thing I want the House to understand—whatever I say today must not be taken for a moment as meaning that I have any sympathy with Nazism. As a matter of fact I spoke against Nazism in this House and in the country when the leaders of the Tory party were delighted that Hitler had emerged into power. I am still opposed to Nazism, but I do not believe you can destroy a political philosophy at the point of the sword, whether it is good, bad or indifferent.....

We had a great victory at the close of the last war. There never was such a victory as the victory of the Allies. We had Germany and millions of her people literally starving; we could do what we liked with them. Yet in my constituency they were very nearly starving for years because we won the war. In my view—and I hope the Government do not mind my saying this—if this terror and slaughter of innocents

by night proceeds very much longer in Europe, the one man who will win this war will be Stalin. I hope the House will forgive me; I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but if this misery grows—and it is growing all over Europe—and famine, pestilence and disease results, I see no alternative but that the whole of the industrial workers of Europe will turn away from all orthodox organisations and follow Stalin because he has secured a victory without firing a shot.

*Rhys Davies, in same debate,
November 26, 1940.*

SALVAGE THE OLD WORLD

The nations of the world today are ground down under the most bitter and efficient tyranny, and we have no right to expect that they will rise in any effective way until victory is already emerging above the horizon.....What is the use of any vague or general aspiration?.....we made a great mistake in thinking that the world will be automatically a better place after this war. In one way I myself think that this is already a better world, in a spiritual sense, than two years ago. Then we were giving in to evil, and today we are resisting it. Can you blame the captive nations of Europe if they do not immediately rise and come to our assistance?

Perhaps they are as disillusioned on these topics as some of the generation to which I belong.

Twenty-three years ago the Tsar of Russia was butchered because of the policy by which he and his ancestors had governed that great country for some generations. Ever since that event what has been the only policy which has triumphed in Europe? The policy of the Tsar, a policy of tyranny based on anti-Semitism and powerful secret police. Can we wonder

that these nations are disillusioned and that they do not, however prettily you phrase your words, instantly jump up and come to our help? I would suggest that instead of fussing too much about the new world order and building after the war, we might concentrate a little more on salvaging after the war is over all that is good in this world of ours. For there is much that is good—toleration, liberty, free speech and the broadening of the standard of living to which all classes have become accustomed in recent years.

(—*Randolph Churchill, same debate
November 26, 1941.*)

WORKERS WANT SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR

There are many simple-minded people who take an almost Sunday-school view of the functions of the working classes in this war. They want the working classes to give their wages, to give up their conditions, very often to give up their homes and abandon the whole of their sights, to submit patiently to industrial conscription, to suffer all the evils of inefficient air-raid protection, to see their shop stewards who might have protected them removed one by one from their work. They want the working classes to put up with profiteering and rising food prices, and the inefficiency, jobbery and waste that they see going on all around them in the factories, and to watch their employers carefully building up their own positions, carefully withholding their processes from their competitors so that their position after the war will be perfectly strong. They want the workers simply and quietly, to submit to the whole of that in the name of patriotism, and the more widely we can persuade the workers to do that, the happier will Colonel Blimp be,.....

People talk, rightly, about the vital necessity of building up and maintaining the spirit of the country. You cannot build up the spirit of the workers by getting

them to submit to what I have described. You have to tell them what is to happen to them. They hate Hitler all right. They hated Hitler while people opposite were slobbering over him and building up his strength. But they also hate the oppression of themselves by the ruling classes of this country. Many of them want to know what is to happen now and they all want to know what is to happen afterwards. They do not think it is a choice between submitting to Hitler and submitting to their own ruling class. Unless you give them something to fight for you will not have their spirit behind you.....

—K. C. Pritt in the course of the debate on the suppression of the "*Daily Worker*", January 29, 1941.

FOUR FREEDOMS

It was in answer to these doubts and questionings that *President Roosevelt* enunciated his "*Four Freedoms*" and that later *Roosevelt* and *Churchill* pledged their countries to an eight-point programme, which has come to be known as the *Atlantic Charter*.

In the future days which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way — everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want, which translated into world terms, means economic understanding which

will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants — everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear, which translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbour—anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation. That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so-called "New Order" of tyranny which the dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb.

—*Washington, January 6, 1941.*

ATLANTIC CHARTER

The President of the United States and the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, representing His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, being met together, deem it right to make known certain common principles in the national policies of their respective countries on which they base their hopes for a better future for the world.

FIRST, their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other.

SECOND, they desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned.

THIRD, they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of Government under which they live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

FOURTH, they will endeavour, with due respect

for their existing obligations, to further enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.

FIFTH, they desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing for all, improved labour standards economic advancement, and social security.

SIXTH, after the final destruction of Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want.

SEVENTH, such a peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance.

EIGHTH, they believe all of the nations of the world, for realistic as well as spiritual reasons, must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea or air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten or may threaten, aggression outside of their frontiers, they believe, pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security, that the disarmament of such nations is essential. They will likewise aid and encourage all other practicable measures which will lighten for peace loving peoples the crushing burden of armament.

A JOB FOR EVERYONE

The implications of the Atlantic Charter, in the field of domestic and foreign policy were explained and affirmed by *President Roosevelt* on more than one occasion.

In the process of working and fighting for victory, however, we must never permit ourselves to forget the goal which is beyond victory. The defeat of Hitlerism is necessary so that there may be freedom; but this war, like the last war, will produce nothing but destruction unless we prepare for the future now. We plan now for the better world we aim to build.

If that world is to be one in which peace is to prevail there must be a more abundant life for the masses of the people of all countries. In the words of the Atlantic Charter, we "desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing, for all, improved labour standards, economic advancement, and social security."

There are so many millions of people in this world who have never been adequately fed and clothed and housed. By undertaking to provide a decent standard of living for these millions, the free peoples of the world can furnish employment to every man and woman who seeks a job.

—*Washington, November 6, 1941.*

"WE WILL PULL OUR OAR"

All of us Americans, of all opinions, are faced with the choice between the kind of world we want to live in and the kind of world which Hitler and his hordes would impose upon us.

None of us wants to burrow under the ground and live in total darkness like a comfortable mole.

The forward march of Hitlerism can be stopped—and it will be stopped.

Very simply and very bluntly—we are pledged to pull our own oar in the destruction of Hitlerism.

And when we have helped to end the curse of

Hitlerism we shall help to establish a new peace, which will give to decent people everywhere a better chance to live and prosper in security and in freedom and in faith.

—*Washington, October 27, 1941.*

GIVE US THE TOOLS

And Churchill was not slow to accept this hand of friendship and ask for the help that he exactly wanted. "Give us the tools and we will finish the job," he said in a broadcast from which the following is extracted.

In order to win the war Hitler must destroy Great Britain. He may carry havoc into the Balkan States; he may tear great provinces out of Russia; he may march to the Caspian; he may march to the gates of India. All this will avail him nothing. It may spread his curse more widely throughout Europe and Asia, but it will not avert his doom. With every month that passes, the many proud and once happy countries he is now holding down by brute force and vile intrigue are learning to hate the Prussian Yoke and the Nazi name as nothing has ever been hated so fiercely and so widely among men before. And all the time, masters of the sea and air, the British Empire—nay, in a certain sense, the whole English-speaking world—will be on his track, bearing with them the swords of justice.

The other day, President Roosevelt gave his opponent in the late Presidential Election a letter of introduction to me, and in it he wrote out a verse, in his own handwriting, from Longfellow, which he said, "applies to you people as it does to us". Here is the verse:

*Sail on, O Ship of State
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!*

*Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!*

What is the answer that I shall give, in your name, to this great man, the thrice-chosen head of a nation of a hundred and thirty millions? Here is the answer which I will give to President Roosevelt: Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and your blessing, and under Providence, all will be well.

We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle, nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools, and we will finish the job.

—February 9, 1941.

SCOURING THE SKIES

But lending tools was no soft job. It meant an unceasing campaign against U Boats and surface raiders. The aircraft-carrier ARK ROYAL, played an important part in this campaign. The following extracts are taken from a descriptive account of its work, given in a book of the same name, issued by the British Admiralty.

An aircraft flying over the South Atlantic is the most solitary object in the world. It ranges the sky as lonely as a cloud beyond the view of its fellows or its parent ship. Hour after hour would go by without the sight of so much as a soap-box, yet each member of the crew had to keep constantly alert. In fair weather there would be little diversion beyond a spouting whale

or an occasional flurry of flying-fish. In foul weather—and with tropical storms flying conditions were often terrible—the crew faced the perils of the air and sea, dependent upon their single engine or, if that were to fail, upon their rubber dinghy. At all times they lacked the excitement that the crew of the fighters or the bombers knew. Week after week they flogged huge areas of salt water, morning and afternoon, straining their eyes for the raider which never came within their range.

OUT OF REACH!

The *Ark Royal* and the *Renown* pursue the *Graf Spee*.

The two ships reached Rio at dawn on 17th December and were welcomed by an enthusiastic Brazilian crowd. No one was allowed to land. Near the ship was a large Neon sign advertising beer, and during the Ark's brief stay in harbour the flight deck was crowded with sailors licking their lips and pawing the grounds: even Tantalus was only denied water.

THE TAKING OFF

This is the beginning of the action against the Bismarck.

The Ark Royal turned into wind. One may picture the scene: the fifteen Swordfish ranged on the pitching flight deck, each wingtip within inches of the next; the flurries of spray rattling on the fuselages; the ratings at the chocks bracing their bodies against the drive of the wind; the leader of the force with his eyes on the Flight Deck Officer, alert for the signal; the Commander flying on the bridge above, timing his moment for the lifting of the ship, then waving his green flag; the chocks being whipped away from the wheels; the first Swordfish moving forward, roaring along the deck

and taking off into gale ; its fellows being swiftly brought into position and flown off in turn ; the full striking force in formation over the ship, ready to set off to the attack. It was an operation which in that storm must have ended in disaster had not drill been perfect and had not every man known his task.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARK The *Ark Royal* was sunk by a German torpedo on November 14, 1941.

Those who had sailed in the *Ark Royal* and those who had known her, mourned her loss. Gibraltar was silent that November morning. And as the survivors stood on the quayside they looked forlornly at the berth where their carrier had so often lain. The sight of its emptiness brought the first sharp pang of realization that "the old Ark" as they had called her had gone.

Perhaps to a landsman the only loss comparable to the sinking of a ship is the destruction of a house which has been dear to him; ...But a great ship is more than a house: she is a little world of her own. And when she disappears from the face of the waters it is as though a planet had vanished from the sky.

This time it was true that the Germans had sunk the *Ark Royal*, yet something of her remained which even they could not destroy. As the First Lord of the Admiralty said, she had paid a rich dividend. But by herself a ship is nothing. It is her seamen, and in a carrier her airmen too, who make her great and cause her to be remembered. The pilots and observers of the *Ark*, and her air-gunners, had paid that dividend. In the words of the Psalmist, they had flown upon the wings of the wind; they had made darkness their secret place; their pavilions round about them had been dark waters and thick clouds of the skies; and they had "subdued with sling stones."

Those who sailed with them had made their victories possible. That gallant company had been close to death many times and they had reached the peaks of life. Together they had created that indestructible fellowship which had become the spirit of the Ark.

A WELCOME OPPORTUNITY

The Ark Royal was not the only ship that went down before America passed from lending tools to active participation. And when that happened America did not regret.

I firmly believe that Americans will welcome this opportunity to share the fight of civilized mankind to preserve decency and dignity in modern life. For this is fundamentally a people's war—and it must be followed by a people's peace.

—President Roosevelt in a broadcast,
April 27, 1942.

AMERY SPEAKS

But not everybody had the same faith and confidence as Roosevelt. In particular, the application of the war aims of the Allies to India has given rise to a great controversy, which has often become bitter.

There can be no better protagonist of the Point of View of the British Government than Mr. L. S. Amery the Secretary of State for India. We allow him five

extracts in which to set out his views on India and the war.

There is no charge to which British public opinion has been more sensitive than the reproach that our policy towards India bears no relation to our professed war aims. We are charged with professing to fight for freedom and democracy in Europe, while denying both to India. We are charged with denouncing the spirit of new aggression and domination on the part of Germany and Japan while stubbornly resolved not to part with the fruit of old aggression in the shape of our present domination over India.

This is one charge. There is another charge, even more wounding, perhaps, to our self-esteem. It is that we may be willing today to give freedom to India, but that this is only the result of a belated recognition of past error, of a sense of our incapacity to govern or defend India, of a death-bed repentance in face of overwhelming danger.

.....In the case of India, so far from depriving her of a pre-existing freedom and denying to her the opportunity of regaining it, we rescued her from the anarchy which is the last negation of freedom. We established, within the vast quadrilateral encompassed by her mountain ranges and twin seas, peace and order and the reign of law—the indispensable foundations of freedom. More than that, we inspired a passionate demand for a self-governing freedom which India had never known. How to meet that demand—as we must meet it and should gladly meet it—without sacrificing the foundations, how to transform an administrative unity into a self-sustaining, self-determining national life without a reversion to anarchy, that is a problem which cannot be solved by phrases or by irresponsible abdication, but only by constructive, tolerant statesmanship and patient good will.

—From the Foreword to 'India and Freedom'.

MAGNA CHARTA

.....By the suppression of all freedom of political organisation and thought, by the cultivation of a ruthless fanaticism of brute force, and of an unscrupulous thirst for domination, Hitler and his associates and confederates have built up an engine of mechanized military power more terrible than anything yet dreamt of, and have launched it upon a world ill-prepared for so wanton and merciless an onslaught. If that onslaught succeeds then it is the end of Magna Charta and all that it has stood for, not only here in Europe but across the Atlantic and to the farthest ends of Asia and of Africa, for the defeat of the Allies would mean not only the loss of their freedom. It would mean the extinction of freedom, even as an ideal, among mankind. Everywhere men would turn to worship the new gods of arbitrary power, of racial arrogance and of mechanized thought. Everywhere freedom would be overthrown, and trampled underfoot by the 'Fifth Column' from within. On the anniversary of Magna Charta, looking back on the growth of ordered freedom over the centuries between, we know that such an outcome is unthinkable. At all hazards, at all costs, we must win. For us there can be no compromise, no truce, only victory—the victory which our fathers won seven hundred years ago.

—Amery's Broadcast, June 15, 1940.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR

.....Freedom may be careless and slow to realize danger. But it has a staying and a creative power, and an enduring flame of passion, that are bound to outlive and gain the mastery over mechanized preparations, however elaborate, and over mechanized minds, however diligent and docile. Knowing that, we can face with unshakably serene confidence whatever terrors the next few weeks may bring us here at home, what-

ever efforts and sacrifices may yet be required to regain lost ground in Europe or overseas. Sooner or later, at some unexpected moment, in some unexpected way, the empire built of hatred and contempt of all moral law, will agonize and dissolve and we shall wake from the nightmare of war to find that we have once again saved ourselves by our exertions, and the world by our example. Meanwhile, in the assured faith of our victory, and of the new birth of freedom we shall win for ourselves and for others, let us rise to the height of this, the greatest occasion in our history, and show ourselves worthy, not only of our great past, but of our greater future.

—Amery's Speech at Blackpool,
August 11, 1940.

OUR INDIAN RECORD

Of all achievements of the British genius the creation of the British Empire of India is the most spectacular. It may yet—if we can see our task through to fulfilment—prove the most significant for the future of the world. No romance can compare with the story of the handful—who, beginning as mere traders and merchant settlers, have in barely two centuries built up the majestic structure of an Imperial system under which peace, order and good government are secured for three hundred and fifty millions of human beings of many races and creeds inhabiting what is in essence a continent of its own.

—Amery's Address to the English
Speaking Union, November 21, 1940.

THE INDIAN CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEM

..... We can well be proud of Britain's contribution to India. We have given her unity, peace within her borders, the all-pervading reign of impartial law. These

are the indispensable foundations for the fulfilment of those ideals of political freedom which we have implanted in Indian minds. What the Norman Conquest gave us of effective Central Government, what Magna Charta won for us in the rights of the individual under the law, that we have given to India. That achievement itself was something of a miracle. We have now set ourselves to achieve, in co-operation with Indian statesmanship, the far greater miracle of building up in India, within the space of a few years, that superstructure of responsible freedom which we here took centuries after Magna Charta to complete—if, indeed, it can ever be said to have been completed...

...There could be no more typical instance of loose thinking than the clamour for what is called the application of the Atlantic Charter to India, and the protest against the Prime Minister's perfectly clear explanation that Article 3 of the Charter primarily referred to the restoration of national life in Europe and in any case did not qualify in any way our own declaration as to India's future with which it is in entire harmony. After all, what does that Article say? It says that among the principles on which the Prime Minister and Mr. Roosevelt base their hopes for a better future for the world is respect for the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they live. How far does that carry us with regard to India? It gives no indication as to whether India is to be regarded as one people or several; it does not say by what method the form of government is to be decided; it lays down no procedure, no time-table. On all these points it naturally does not attempt either to give guidance or impose any precise obligation. I can well imagine if in answer to the demand for a statement of our Indian policy, we had answered merely in terms of the Atlantic Charter, the derision and indignation which would have met so vague and unsatisfying a reply.

The task before Indian statesmanship is no doubt immensely difficult. But it is certainly not hopeless.

Beneath all the differences of religion, of culture, of race and political structure, there is an underlying unity. There is the fundamental geographical unity which has walled India off from the outside world while, at the same time, erecting no serious internal barriers. There is the broad unity of race which makes Indians as a whole, whatever their differences among themselves, a distinctive type among the main races of mankind. There is the political unity which she has enjoyed from time to time in her history, and which we have confirmed in far stronger fashion than any of our predecessors in a unity of administration, of law, of economic development and of communications. I would say, indeed, that if some sort of Indian unity had not existed it would have to be invented. If India were broken up and reverted to chaos tomorrow, Indians would have to set about trying to invent for her at any rate some minimum of unity against the dangers from outside. Why then should they not take her over now as a going concern, though one remoulded nearer to their own heart's desire?

— *Amery's speech at Manchester Club Luncheon—November 19, 1941.*

AT THE BAR OF HISTORY Despite Mr. Amery's eloquence nationalist Indians were greatly troubled in their minds. Their mental conflict was correctly voiced by *Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru*, in the course of a statement he made in court when he was tried and sentenced to four years imprisonment at Gorakhpur, November 3, 1940.

If I was chosen, (as a Satyagrahi) or before me Shri Vinoba Bhave was chosen for this purpose, it was

not to give expression to our individual views. We were symbols of the people of India. As individuals we may have counted for little, but as such symbols and representatives of the Indian people, we counted for a great deal. In the name of those people we asserted their right to freedom and to decide for themselves what they should do and what they would not do; we challenged the right of any other authority, by whomsoever constituted, to deprive them of this right and to enforce its will upon them. It was monstrous that any individual or group of individuals, deriving no authority from the Indian people and not responsible to them in any way, should impose their will upon them and thrust the hundreds and millions of India, without any reference to them or their representatives, in a mighty war which was none of their seeking. It was amazing and full of significance that this should be done in the name of freedom and self-determination and democracy, for which, it was alleged, the war was being waged. We were slow in coming to our final conclusions; we hesitated and parleyed, we sought a way out honourable to all parties concerned. We failed and the inevitable conclusion was forced upon us that so far as the British Government or their representatives in India were concerned, we were still looked upon as chattels to do their will and to continue to be exploited in their Imperialist structure. That was a position which we could never tolerate, whatever the consequences.....

I stand before you, Sir, as an individual being tried for certain offences against the State. You are a symbol of that State. But I am also something more than an individual. I too am a symbol at the present moment, a symbol of Indian nationalism, resolved to break away from the British Empire and achieve the independence of India. It is not me that you are seeking to judge and condemn, but rather the hundreds and millions of the people of India, and that is a large task even for a proud Empire. Perhaps it may be that

though I am standing before you on my trial, it is the British Empire itself that is on its trial before the bar of the world. There are more powerful forces at work in the world to-day than courts of law; there are elemental urges for freedom and food and security which are moving vast masses of people, and history is being moulded by them. The future recorder of this history might well say that, in the hour of supreme trial, the Government of Britain and the people of Britain failed because they were drunk with the wine of imperialism and could not adapt themselves to a changing world. He may muse over the fate of empires which have always fallen because of this weakness and call it destiny. Certain causes inevitably produce certain results. We know the causes; the results are following inexorably in their train.

It is a small matter what happens to me in this trial or subsequently. Individuals count for little; they come and go, as I shall go when my time is up. Seven times I have been tried and convicted by British authority in India, and many years of life lie buried within prison walls. An eighth time or a ninth, and a few more years, make little difference. But it is no small matter what happens to India and her millions of sons and daughters. That is the issue before me and that ultimately, is the issue before you, Sir. If the British Government imagines that it can continue to exploit them and play about with them against their will, as it has done for so long in the past, then it is grievously mistaken. It has misjudged their present temper and read history in vain.

VIOLENCE TRIUMPHANT

More than Nehru, more than anybody in India, it is natural that we should look to *Rabindranath Tagore*, to voice India's feelings. And

he has done so in language which is not merely beautiful but prophetic. The six extracts which follow speak for themselves.

They ask me to write on the present situation, indicating some way out, but I know of none.

Here we stand : on one side the ruling power, armed in its fortress with all the paraphernalia of repression, protected by stringent laws and red-turbaned hordes. That the country can be held only thus is their faith. Crowded, on the other hand, are helpless multitudes with empty hands and pockets. Advised to accept non-violence as the panacea leading to deliverance and permanent security, they cannot yet entirely pin their faith to it. Because nowhere in the world is this principle being practised, for good or for worse.

To save man from such a violent beast as man, violent means are needed: this teaching is being followed up everywhere by adequate preparation and accumulation of material.....

Death's institutes have been opened everywhere; millions of students are being killed to supply lessons—perhaps man may learn something final from this, but when or where I cannot prophecy.....

To the chief disciples or professors of violence I say this, for long have we seen the nature of their success, to a great measure we have ourselves borne its burden; are they now at the summit of their victory? Have they passed the test of humanity? Engaged in violent rivalry, whose triumph today do they crave? The triumph of violence.

This power can never reach peace till utter destruction is complete. Not only is it destroying man's livelihood but poisoning his heart; his noblest treasures are being bombed and razed to dust. Of ourselves we have ample reason to be ashamed, but this tossing on

the swing of endless catastrophe that we see today.....
whose shame is it?

Violent power uses man's weakness as footstool, it crushes the soil of helpless humanity to raise its own crop.....

To preserve full faith in its glory, violent power has now realised the unlimited need of weapons for massacre. History offers no parallel to the awful watchfulness of violence with its deadly nets spread in sea, land and air; the civilized powers of the West advance in military formation raising innumerable arches of homicidal victory. None dares stop lest some one else steal a march upon it.

FROM FORCE TO FRIENDLINESS

Blind power has spread an acquiescent inertia all over our land. In Europe the same power creates hard, aggressive inertia. Our picture limned in pale lines will not strike any eye, but the incessant tussle of violence in Europe has become crudely manifest. He who reaps the harvest of one war, we have seen, does not forget to sow the seeds of another.

Today war has come in full flood, the whirlwind of destruction has struck numerous sails of violent nations. Some side or other will get temporary results which it will call victory. After that will proceed the cultivation of thorns to inflict wounds on humanity. That is why I say, whether of this or the other side whose victory could I desire? Victory in any case would mean triumph of violence.

I am not a politician. Our political leaders imagine that if we assisted the ruling power in this war, we might gain some reward. To render such assistance would be in the nature of a bargain. It could not be an act of friendship; long years have passed but the

occasion for cultivating such relations has not arisen. We have not felt that the rulers trusted us, but encountered hard glances of suspicion.

Termination of war will not record the triumph of friendliness but of might. Might would regard the expression of gratitude as a burden, the sense of responsibility and modesty resulting from such acknowledgment would be extremely irksome for it.....

The spectacle provided by a country which is ruled by force is mournfully familiar to us. Doubtless that spectacle is familiar also to the power whose royal umbrella casts its shadow all over the land.....

Countries benevolently governed by their own people, offer a contrast to our conditions.

Where, due to the miserly nature of the rulers, friendly relations with the people are brushed aside, perseverance is devoted to making political control complete. But, power in its blind aggressiveness, does not realise that cruel, barren, humiliating relationship between man and man can never last; the time comes when the inner heat becomes unbearable and fetters are broken asunder. How truth will effect the change from force to friendliness, I cannot specify, but that the powers arrogant for victory will feel less inclined to offer us concessions is not difficult for me to guess. Authority, feeling safe, will discover itself to be firmly fixed for ever.

IN THE NAME OF GOD

The question remains: which way lies our goal. The path that big nations are insanely pursuing is undoubtedly closed to us. It is doubtful where even the mighty ones will reach in their race. This only can be said, mysterious are the ways of history. Even the sorrows of the weak have been known to prick a hole in the ship of the powerful. In history, wars and

struggles are not the only opportunities; the despair of the betrayed also attracts favourable occasions, from where they might come, I cannot say just now.

It is because we cannot clearly indicate this, that the sudden advent will one day overwhelm the mighty powers. It is those unfortunate people for whom the friendly road is closed by thorns and the road of war also obstructed, who cast their eyes with intense longing on the unexpected ways of Providence. But we are not reassured when those who force down other races in the spheres of politics and go on increasing machinery for manslaughter in war, take the excuse of God's name on their lips. Taking God's own name we shall say that though we may seem from outside to be helpless yet we are not helpless. In the world of men where we live disinterested humanity which recognizes us as its own will, from somewhere, come and join our side. What, otherwise, is the meaning of Providence.

(These three extracts are taken from a letter to Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, an authorised translation of which was published in "Viswa Bharati" December 1939 and was reproduced in other journals.)

INSOLENCE CHASTISED

An open letter addressed by a Miss Rathbone M. P., to all Indians in general and to Pandit Nehru in particular, made Tagore give a reply from his sick bed. The following extracts are taken from that statement, January 1941.

I have been deeply pained at Miss Rathbone's open letter to Indians. I do not know who Miss Rathbone

is, but I take it that she represents the mentality of the average 'well-intentioned' Britisher. Her letter is mainly addressed to Jawaharlal and I have no doubt that if that noble fighter of freedom's battle had not been gagged behind prison bars by Miss Rathbone's countrymen, he would have made a fitting and spirited reply to her gratuitous sermon. His enforced silence makes it necessary for me to voice my protest even from my sick bed.

The lady has ill-served the cause of her people by addressing so indiscreet, indeed impertinent, a challenge to our conscience. She is scandalised at our ingratitude,—that having 'drunk deeply at the wells of English thought' we should still have some thought left for our poor country's interests. English thought, in so far as it is representative of the best traditions of Western enlightenment, has indeed taught us much, but let me add, that those of our countrymen who have profited by it have done so despite the official British attempts to ill-educate us. We might have achieved introduction to Western learning through any other European language. Have all the other peoples in the world waited for the British to bring them enlightenment?

It is sheer insolent self-complacence on the part of our so-called English friends to assume that had they not 'taught' us we would still have remained in the dark ages. Through the official British channels of education in India have flowed to our children in schools not the best of English thought but its refuse, which has only deprived them of a wholesome repast at the table of their own culture.....

A TRUST BETRAYED

It is not so much because the British are foreigners that they are unwelcome to us and have found no place in our hearts as because while pretending to be trustees

of our welfare they have betrayed the great trust and have sacrificed the happiness of millions of India to bloat the pockets of a few capitalists at home. I should have thought that the decent Britisher would at least keep silent at these wrongs and be grateful to us for our inaction, but that he should add insult to injury and pour salt over our wounds, passes all bounds of decency.

CRISIS IN CIVILISATION

And lastly comes this moving bit, the peroration of an address, which he called the "Crisis of Civilisation", delivered on the occasion of his eightieth birthday—April 14, 1941. This was practically his last utterance because he died, hardly four months later, on August 7, 1941.

Meanwhile, the demon of barbarity has given up all pretence and has emerged with unconcealed fangs and teeth, ready to tear up the world and spread devastation. From one end to another the poisonous fumes of hatred defile the atmosphere. This plague of persecution which lay dormant in the civilization of the West, has, at last roused itself to create havoc and desecrate the spirit of Man. In our present luckless, helpless poverty have we not already seen this world-wide destruction at work? A mortal combat has begun between one power and another, and no one knows what it will bring about in the end.

The wheels of fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian Empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth will

they leave behind them! I had at one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe. And today when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether.

Today my one last hope is that the deliverer will be born in this poverty-stricken country and from the East his divine message will go forth to the world at large and fill the heart of man with boundless hope. As I proceed onward, I look behind to see the crumbling ruins of civilization, strewn like a vast dung-heap of futility. And yet I shall not commit the grievous sin of losing faith in man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in his history after the cataclysm is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice. Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon, from the East where the sun rises. Another day will come when the unvanquished Man will retrace his path of glory, despite all barriers, to win back his lost human heritage. To believe in the final and irrevocable doom of humanity is certainly a crime, but I shall not be guilty of hugging illusion for reality.

Finally, I shall proclaim that the day has come when it will no longer be safe for the mightiest of powers to give vent to proud complacency. We must realize the truth of what our sages said: "By iniquity a man may thrive, may see many a good in life, may conquer his enemies, but iniquity, at last, is sure to overwhelm and destroy him."

A GREAT CAUSE

In the conflict between British Imperialism and Indian Nationalism, a minority of Englishmen have raised their voice for India. Among these *Sir Stafford*

Cripps is perhaps, the most notable today. Despite the failure of his unfortunate mission, his utterances before, at the time and after the mission are significant.

Liberty is not something to be preserved as it exists. It is something which has to be fought for and won. Nor will the mere winning of it be enough, for then we must devise a form of democratic government which would preserve that freedom and liberty as a fundamental right of every person in one nation.

To this great cause of suppressed and exploited humanity every man and woman who has a wider vision of the possibilities that today the world holds out for us, is called, not as a mere matter of sentiment or emotion but as a duty of the highest order to that inner spirit which inspires all the best side of our life—by whatever name we may call it—and I beg that you in your land will join with us in our land and those who are fighting the same battle for liberty in many other countries so that together we may go forward to victory.

—*Speech at Opera House, Bombay.*
December 1939.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP

Broadcast from Delhi commending acceptance of the Cripps' proposals, March 30, 1942.

.....I ask you to turn your back upon the past, to accept my hand, our hand of friendship and trust and allow us to join with you for the time being in working to establish and complete your freedom and your self-government. This as you may know has long been a cause dear to my heart and it is with the greatest hopes that I look to the events of the next few days

which may, if wisely handled, seal for ever your freedom and our friendship.

Your country today is in peril from a cruel aggressor, an aggressor whose hand has soaked in blood and suffering great areas of China with its friendly and democratic peoples, an aggressor Allied to those nations who have deluged with tragedy the once peaceful plains of Russia. Against those aggressors we and the Allied nations will fight for victory.

The outlook is overcast for the moment, but believe me I have no doubt as to the final result. Russia, the United States, China, and Great Britain have resources which the Axis and its Allies can never defeat.

We stand by our duty, growing out of our past historical associations, to give you every protection we can, but with your willing help and co-operation this can be made more effective and more powerful.

Let us enter upon this primary task of the defence of India in the now sure knowledge that when we emerge from the fire and travail of war it will be to build a Free India upon foundations wrought by the Indian peoples, themselves, and to forge a long lasting and free friendship between our two peoples. Regrets and recriminations as to the past can have no place beside the confident and sure hopes of the future, when a Free India will take her rightful place as a co-worker with the other free nations in that world reconstruction which alone can make the toil and suffering of the war worth while. Let the dead past bury its dead! And let us march together side by side through the night of high endeavour and courage to the already waking dawn of a new world of liberty for all the peoples.

WITH NO BITTERNESS

We have tried by the offer that I brought to help India along her road to victory and to freedom. But,

for the moment, past distrust has proved too strong to allow of present agreement. But in that failure to achieve immediate results there is no bitterness. Our effort has been genuine. No responsible Indian has questioned the sincerity of our main purpose—the complete freedom of India. Such an effort, inspired by goodwill and sincerity will leave its mark upon the history of our relations, and will cast its beneficent light forward into the future. It will prove to have been a first step along the path of freedom for India and of friendship between our two countries.

—From Cripps' farewell broadcast, announcing failure of the mission, April 11, 1942.

A RECOGNISED RIGHT

I am sorry that our efforts did not succeed as we had hoped. Nevertheless, I am sure it's all to the good that we should have made our intentions perfectly plain and that there should no longer be any question concerning the complete and absolute freedom of India after the war.....

Those peoples who have not yet attained their political freedom like the Indian people, desire that freedom as a first step to the working out of their own economic destiny. That right we recognize. Other nations desire to throw off autocracy or foreign domination. Yet others see their political democracy turned into an economic democracy, where the power of vested interests and finance will give way to the rights of the common people. All these desires are greatly sharpened by the events of war, and by the happenings of this war in particular.

—After the failure of his mission, in a speech, London, May 3, 1942.

TO EVERY BRITON

The war aims of the Allies has certainly been the big,

but not the only controversy of war. The means of struggle or the ethics of war, as such has also claimed some attention. *Mahatma Gandhi* is the chief advocate of non-Violence. His writings have been so extensively reproduced in this country that we consider it sufficient to give a few extracts from his famous appeal "To Every Briton"—an appeal issued on July 2, 1940, at England's greatest hour of peril when the working Committee of the Indian National Congress had itself rejected Non-Violence and offered co-operation in war.

Nobody can fail to notice the unmistakable sincerity and deep feeling of these words.

I appeal to every Briton, wherever he may be now, to accept the method of non-violence instead of that of war for the adjustment of relations between nations and other matters. Your statesmen have declared that this is a war on behalf of democracy. There are many other reasons given in justification. You know them all by heart. I suggest that at the end of the war, whichever way it ends, there will be no democracy left to represent democracy. This war has descended upon mankind as a curse and a warning. It is a curse in as much as it is brutalising man on a scale hitherto unknown. All distinctions between combatants and non-combatants have been abolished. No one and nothing is to be spared. Lying has been reduced to an art. Britain was to defend small nationalities. One by one

they have vanished, at least for the time being. It is also a warning. It is a warning that, if nobody reads the writing on the wall, man will be reduced to the state of the beast, whom he is shaming by his manners. I read the writing when the hostilities broke out. But I had not the courage to say the word. God has given me the courage to say it before it is too late.

I appeal for cessation of hostilities, not because you are too exhausted to fight, but because war is bad in essence. You want to kill Nazism. You will never kill it by its indifferent adoption. Your soldiers are doing the same work of destruction as the Germans. The only difference is that perhaps yours are not as thorough as the Germans. If that be so, yours will soon acquire the same thoroughness as theirs, if not much greater. On no other condition can you win the war. In other words, you will have to be more ruthless than the Nazis. No cause, however just, can warrant the indiscriminate slaughter that is going on minute by minute. I suggest that a cause that demands the inhumanities that are being perpetrated today cannot be called just.

I do not want Britain to be defeated, nor do I want her to be victorious in a trial of brute strength, whether expressed through the muscle or the brain. Your muscular bravery is an established fact. Need you demonstrate that your brain is also as unrivalled in destructive power as your muscle? I hope you do not wish to enter into such an undignified competition with the Nazis. I venture to present you with a nobler and a braver way, worthy of the bravest soldier. I want you to fight Nazism without arms, or, if I am to retain the military terminology, with non-violent arms. I would like you to lay down the arms you have as being useless for saving you or humanity.....

I claim no perfection for myself. But I do claim to be a passionate seeker after Truth, which is but another name for God. In the course of that search

the discovery of non-violence came to me. Its spread is my life mission. I have no interest in living except for the prosecution of that mission.

I claim to have been a lifelong and wholly disinterested friend of the British people. At one time I used to be also a lover of your empire. I thought that it was doing good to India. When I saw that in the nature of things it could do no good, I used, and am still using, the non-violent method to fight Imperialism. Whatever the ultimate fate of my country, my love for you remains, undiminished. My non-violence demands universal love, and you are no small part of it. It is that love which has prompted my appeal to you.

May God give power to every word of mine. In His name I began to write this, and in His name I close it. May your statesmen have the wisdom and courage to respond to my appeal.....

THE CHALLENGE TO LIBERTY

Although sharing *Mahatma Gandhi's* hatred of war, not everybody subscribes to his creed of non-violence on every occasion. The justification for the use of force in defence of Right, was stated by *Viscount Halifax* in an address to Oxford, February 27, 1941.

.....I think that the existence of war in Europe today is a sign of failure, in our Western civilization. When I consider that we—who hate war—are driven to the use of force, in maintaining against a bitter and evil attack the first principles upon which European life has hitherto been based, the darkness which hangs over Europe seems to me something which Milton might have described as darkness visible.....

But in this challenge also lies our hope: for as we move to meet it, we shall more truly measure both its nature and the weapons with which it can be encountered.....

I know that it is said by men of high principle that force in itself, if not an evil thing, has value only negative. I think this is an exaggeration. Most true it is that force cannot of itself exercise the evil spirits that enter and deprave the hearts of men. But when these evil spirits invoke force for the prosecution of their purpose, and the struggle is thus joined in the physical arena, it is only by force on the battle-ground thus chosen that the evil can be resisted. Nor can I doubt if under what I must hold to be a one-sided and mistaken interpretation of our Lord's teaching we refrain on principle from replying in kind to the use of force, we may be surrendering to extinction the most sacred causes for which we stand to posterity as guardians and trustees. Thus force, by resisting the destructive power of evil and guarding the field in which good can work, can render positive service which can be given in no other way. As I see this problem which is today so tragically forced upon our thought, it is the spiritual motive, alike in national as in individual action, on which judgment has to be passed. Always it is the spirit behind the application of force which makes or mars its value. And we may assuredly hope that the same spirit, which gives the physical and moral courage to defend the menaced values of life today, will avail us when we come through the valley of dark decision to the work of reconstruction.

WHAT OF THE ENDS? The case for the use of force in defence of Right as applied to India was forcefully put by C. Rajagopalachari in his Lucknow University convocation address, December, 13, 1941.

Twenty-two years ago, Mahatma Gandhi took the Congress by storm, when he showed us a way out of the blind alley of unsuccessful constitutional agitation. If we have a just cause and if we are prepared for sacrifice, he showed us that when the opponent refuses to be reasonable and there appears to be no way but violence to overcome his opposition, there is still a way out of despair that faces us. He taught us the way of non-co-operation and satyagraha, forms of non-violent attack which we have practised with a considerable amount of success during the past two decades. This practice has given us something more than objective success. We have gained a feeling of inexhaustible strength which is more precious than any actual achievement, because it sterilizes all defeats and failures, and protects us effectively during every reverse.

No discovery of principles of action can escape the modifications required to meet environment. No principle can be practised in this complicated world without compromise, especially when we are dealing not with individuals but with large numbers of men and women and under conditions which have already been made for us and which have created a vicious circle for any remedy to be effectively applied.....

The defence of India is, according to some of us, a case to be treated as an exception. The issue did not come up in so many terms at any time before this, but all the same the exception was not unrecognised. Now, however, the issues that have emerged on account of the present war and the attitude of Britain towards the rightful claim of India to Independence could not be dealt with without facing this problem of non-violence in relation to national defence. Gandhiji stands for total opposition to all wars but some of us feel that our struggle cannot simultaneously bear the weight of two such major issues, the issue of British control over India and the demand for total removal, and the issue of non-participation in war total and irrespective of equity or policies, of alliance to secure just ends. Surely,

we cannot hope for emancipation at the hands of Britain's enemies. We are held in bondage by Britain, and we must limit our problems to operating on the British mind. A compromise becomes, therefore, inevitable on the issue of non-participation in all wars. The ending of war as a means of attaining international justice should be tackled sometime, but not simultaneously with our national struggle which has come up to the very point of solution and which only awaits one or two wise steps to reach complete success.

WE SHALL COME THROUGH

While such controversies were going on, the war was taking its unmindful course. Britain was in such a tight corner that the confidence of *Winston Churchill*, her fighting Prime Minister, sounded like bragging to those who did not share his faith. In a review of the war situation in the House of Commons on May 7, 1941, he dared the tempest and only three days later, the old Parliament House was totally destroyed in a raid!

When I look back on the perils which have been overcome, upon the great mountain waves through which the gallant ship has driven, when I remember all that has gone wrong, and remember also all that has gone right, I feel sure we have no need to fear the tempest. Let it roar, let it rage. We shall come through.

VICTORY IS THE ANSWER

The next time he was not so flamboyant, although no less confident.

Defeat is bitter. There is no use trying to explain defeat. People do not like defeat, and they do not like the explanations, however elaborate or plausible, which are given of them. For defeat there is only one answer. The only answer to defeat is victory.

HITLER'S BIG MISTAKE And Victory, it seems, was not so far away as some people imagined, for only 15 days later occurred what Churchill called "The Fourth Climactic" of the war. Let M. Kalinin, President of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics, tell what it was.

On June 22, 1941, at 5-30 a.m., von der Schulenburg, the German Ambassador in Moscow, stated to Comrade Molotov that the German Government was declaring war against the Soviet Union. As a matter of fact this declaration was superfluous, since fighting had already been going on for more than two hours with the German troops that had crossed our frontier and the German air force was already bombing our peaceful cities situated far from the border.

At 12 o'clock noon of that same day Comrade Molotov announced over the radio in the name of the Soviet Government that fascist Germany had perfidiously attacked our country and called upon the Red Army and the whole Soviet people to fight till victory for their country, their honour and their liberty.

Thus began the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet people against the fascist aggressors.

—Extracted from "*The Patriotic War of the Soviet people against the German Invaders*—a pamphlet written about the end of December, 1941.

TOTAL WAR

In the course of the same pamphlet *Kalinin* also clearly set out the distinction between the last war and this, and the grim determination of the Soviet people to fight to the last ditch.

The last war was fought with annexationist aims in view; but it was a war fought by two dynasties, the Hohenzollerns and the Romanovs, which were kindred in spirit. In that war the fight was between "relatives"—Nicholas and Wilhelm. In their letters they addressed each other as "Dear Brother." Naturally each of these two "brothers", in conjunction with their respective nobility and bourgeoisie, wanted to grab as fat a slice as he could from the other's ham. All the same the established rules of international law were observed for decency's sake, at least with regard to the forms of warfare adopted. Officers taken prisoners by either side were placed in privileged positions in comparison with plain soldiers; privates taken prisoners, who, of course, enjoyed no privileges or marks of respect, were not subjected to persecution, at least not openly and officially; torture and shooting were rarely resorted to. The robbery and deeds of violence practised against the civil population by the Germans were in the nature of unauthorised acts which the authorities in command formally suppressed in some measure or other.

German fascism is today waging against us a specifically Hitlerite war, a total war.

With the self-conceit, characteristic of him, Hitler declared that he would wage war on his own initiative, that his blows would hit the army of his adversary like those of a sledge hammer and that he would pass through the occupied territory with fire and sword, destroying and annihilating everything, terrorizing and decimating the population. The people of the occupied territory were to be "scared stiff", like rabbits catching

sight of the maw of a beast of prey—this is the sum and substance of Hitlerite, of total war.....

A FIGHT TO DEATH

It was against the wishes of our government, against the wishes of the people, that this war, this bloody cruel holocaust, was forced upon us. We are waging a war with the most powerful army in the world, with the most inhuman enemy of the Soviet people, with an enemy whose fondest dream it has been to wipe the Slavs, and in the first place the Russians, off the face of the earth.

The German fascists have forced our hand and made us enter the fray which is already getting too hot for them. So let us put every shoulder to the wheel, exert all our strength, and strength we have, to smash the enemy. Let us not leave a single fascist occupant on Soviet soil! Such is the will of our leader, but it is also the keen desire and wish of the entire Soviet people. Death to the invaders!

THE NAZI JUGGERNAUT

It was a gratifying fact, that at his great turning point in history *Churchill* took the right decision and pledged his fullest support to the Soviets. His analysis of the situation and his adherence to his irrevocable purpose is stated in magnificent prose in his broadcast on the German invasion of Russia, June 22, 1941, from which three extracts follow.

Hitler is a monster of wickedness, insatiable in his lust for blood and plunder. Not content with having all Europe under his heel, or else terrorized into various forms of abject submission, he must now carry his butchery and desolation among the vast multitudes of Russia and Asia. The terrible military machine, which we and the rest of the civilized world so foolishly, so supinely, so insensately allowed the Nazi gangsters to build up year by year from almost nothing, cannot stand idle lest it rust or fall to pieces. It must be in continual motion, grinding up human lives and trampling down the homes and rights of hundreds of millions of men. Moreover, it must be fed, not only with flesh but with oil.

So now this blood-thirsty guttersnipe must launch his mechanized armies upon new fields of slaughter, pillage and devastation. Poor as are the Russian peasants, workmen and soldiers, he must steal from them their daily bread; he must devour their harvest; he must rob them of oil which drives their ploughs; and thus produce a famine without example in human history. And even the carnage which his ruin and his victory, should he gain it—he has not gained it as yet—will bring upon the Russian people, will itself be only a stepping-stone to the attempt to plunge the four or five hundred millions who live in China, and the three hundred and fifty millions who live in India, into that bottomless pit of human degradation over which the diabolic emblem of the Swastika flaunts itself.

EASIER PREY!

...The Nazi regime is indistinguishable from the worst features of Communism. It is devoid of all theme and principle except appetite and racial discrimination. It excels all forms of human wickedness in the efficiency of its cruelty and ferocious aggression. No one has been a more consistent opponent of Communism than

I for the last twenty-five years. I will unsay no word that I have spoken about it. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding. The past with its crimes, its follies and its tragedies flashes away. I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land, guarding the fields which their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes where mothers and wives pray—ah yes, for there are times when all pray—for the safety of their loved ones, the return of the bread-winner of their champion, of their protector. I see the ten thousand villages of Russia, where the means of existence was wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens laugh and children play. I see advancing upon all this in hideous onslaught the Nazi war machine, with its clanking, heel-clicking, dandified Prussian officers, its crafty expert agents fresh from the cowing and tying-down of a dozen countries. I see also the dull, drilled, docile, brutish masses of Hun soldiers plodding on like a swarm of crawling locusts. I see the German bombers and fighters in the sky, still smarting from many a British whipping, delighted to find what they believe is an easier and a safer prey.

STRIKE UNITED

We have but one aim and one single, irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi regime. From this nothing will turn us—nothing. We will never parley, we will never negotiate with Hitler or any of his gang. We shall fight him by land, we shall fight him by sea, we shall fight him in the air, until with God's help we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated its peoples from his yoke. Any man or State who fights on against Nazidom will have our aid. Any man or State who marches with Hitler is our foe.....

The Russian danger is, therefore, our danger, the danger of the United States, just as the cause of any Russian fighting for his hearth and home is the cause of free men and free peoples in every quarter of the globe. Let us learn the lessons already taught by such cruel experience. Let us redouble our exertions, and strike with united strength while life and power remain.

PROTECTING SHIELD

People have wondered how *Churchill* with his oft-reiterated hostility to Communist Russia, took the decision that he did. Some explanation to this question is contained in the following passage from his tribute to Neville Chamberlain, after the latter's death. House of Commons, November 20, 1940.

It is not given to human beings, happily for them, for otherwise life would be intolerable, to foresee or to predict to any large extent the unfolding course of events. In one phase men seem to have been right, in another they seem to have been wrong. Then, again a few years later, when the perspective of time has lengthened, all stands in a different setting. There is a new proportion. There is another scale of values. History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes, and kindles with pale gleams the passion of former days. What is the worth of all this? The only guide to a man is his conscience; the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to walk through life without this shield, because we are so often mocked by the failure of our hopes, and the upsetting of our calculations; but with

this shield, however the fates may play, we march always in the ranks of honour.

SECOND FRONT WANTED !

But despite the heroic resistance of the Russians and such help as Britain and America were able to give, the Nazis, were able to achieve spectacular success. The reason for this was explained by *M. Stalin*, in his usual blunt, undiplomatic language in a speech on the XXV Anniversary of the October Revolution, November 6, 1941.

How are we to explain the fact that the Germans were nevertheless able to take the initiative in military operations this year and achieve substantial tactical success on our front?

It is to be explained by the fact that the Germans and their allies were able to muster all their available reserves, transfer them to the Eastern Front and create a big superiority of forces in one of the directions. There can be no doubt that but for these measures the Germans could not have achieved any success on our front.

But why were they able to muster all their reserves and transfer them to the Eastern front? Because the absence of a second front in Europe enabled them to carry out this operation without any risk.

Hence, the chief reason for the German's tactical successes on our front this year is that the absence of a second front in Europe enabled them to transfer to our front all their available reserves and to create a big superiority of forces in the South-western direction.

OUR TASKS

It seems that the one thing that Comrade *Stalin* does not have is the gift of the gab. From the speeches of *Churchill* to those of *Stalin* is a strange transition. There is no fire, no poetry, no eloquence; but there is clear-cut, definite, simple direct statement. Witness the following extract from the same speech defining the task before Russia.

The war has torn down all veils and has laid bare all relationships. The situation has become so clear that nothing is easier than to define our tasks in this war.

In an interview with the Turkish General *Erkilet*, published in the Turkish newspaper *Gumhuriyet*, that cannibal Hitler said: "We shall destroy Russia, so that she will never be able to rise again." This is clear enough, one would think, although it is rather silly. We do not pursue the aim of destroying Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia. But we can and must destroy the Hitler state. Our first task is, in fact, to destroy the Hitler state and its inspirers.

In the same interview with the same General, that cannibal Hitler went on to say: "We shall continue the war as long as there is an organized military force in Russia." This is clear enough, one would think, although illiterate. We do not pursue the aim of destroying the entire organized military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible as regards Germany, just as it is in regard to Russia, but also inadvisable from the point of view of the victor. But we can and must destroy Hitler's army.

Our second task is, in fact to destroy Hitler's army and its leaders.

The Hitlerite scoundrels have made it their rule to torture Soviet war prisoners, to slay them by the hundreds, and to condemn thousands of them to death by starvation. They outrage and slaughter the civilian population of the occupied territories of our country, men and women, children and the aged, our brothers and sisters. They have set out to enslave or exterminate the population of the Ukraine, Byelorussia, the Baltic Republics, Moldavia, Crimea and the Caucasus. Only villains and scoundrels who are bereft of all honour and who have sunk to the level of brutes can commit such outrages against innocent and unarmed people. But that is not all. They have covered Europe with gallows and concentration camps. They have introduced the vile "hostage system." They shoot and hang absolutely innocent citizens whom they take as "hostages" because some German beast was prevented from violating women or robbing citizens. They have converted Europe into a prison of nations. And this they call the "New Order in Europe." We know the men who are guilty of these outrages, the builders of the "New Order in Europe," all those upstart Governor-Generals, or just ordinary Governors, Commandants and sub-Commandants. Their names are known to tens of thousands of tormented people. Let these butchers know that they will not escape responsibility for their crimes or elude the hand of retribution of the tormented nations.

Our third task, is to destroy the detestable "New Order in Europe" and to punish its builders.

Such are our tasks.

Comrades, we are waging a great war of liberation.....

NEVER AGAIN!

Stalin's clarion call to action was answered not only by all Russians but by all Slavonic peoples, of all classes. Listen to *Nikolai Tikhonov*, a Leningrad writer, speaking at the second All-Slavonic meeting, Moscow, April 4 and 5, 1942.

I have come from Leningrad, the great city that is experiencing all the calamities of war, that is suffering severe privations and facing the most severe trials with indescribable courage. With every day it multiplies the losses of the enemy at its walls. It sacrifices its all for the sake of victory. An old city, it fights with the ardour of a young warrior. After enduring the grimpest of winters its fighting spirit is today, in spring, stronger than ever, and so its belief in the complete rout of Hitler's lice-infested hordes.

The whole world resounds with the din of our battle against the Germans. The beating which was administered to the Hitlerite hordes by the gallant Red Army near Moscow, Tikhvin, Kaluga and Mozhaisk, and the blows now being inflicted with undiminished energy all along the vast front sound very like the beating of a Reveille summoning all Slavonic nations who are waging an uncompromising struggle with the Nazi savages and highwaymen.....

The great struggle is in full heat. The enemy has set himself the aim of riveting the Slavs in chains of bondage, of bringing them to their knees, of breaking their proud spirits, of reducing them to the level of draught animals, of killing the beautiful Slavic world with all its cultural achievements accumulated throughout the ages. A barbarian is not concerned with art nor a murderer with science.

In their thirst for extermination the Germans draw no distinction between young and old, between children

and women. Whether in the plains of the Danube, the forests of Byelorussia, the steppes of the Ukraine or the shores of the Oka and Volkhov, they are alike, these fearsome vampires who feed on human blood.....

They want to drench the Slavic lands they have seized in torrents of blood of the civilian inhabitants, want to create terror and intimidate the population so that it will give up all thought of resisting the invaders. But can you frighten those who refuse to be frightened, scare those who refuse to be scared?.....

We are not out to conquer territory. We are not seeking blind revenge—we do not say that we shall destroy the whole German people. We shall never say that. We are not mad men. But we shall destroy once and for all that beast, Fascism, that werewolf with claws of iron who has hurled himself upon us to devour us. We shall see to it that this monster disappears from the face of the earth and never menaces the world again.

Onward, therefore, into the decisive battles with
new faith in victory,

Onward, therefore, in the cause of a new life of
liberty and justice!

The hour of the people's wrath has struck!

Long live the embattled Slav nations!

Long live the union of the Slav peoples!

Victory shall be ours!

e
**SLAVS FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM**

Dmitri Shastakovich a Russian composer at the same meeting.

Hitler and his entire band of myrmidons have vociferously announced to the whole world that the Slavs are the lowest of races, and that their historic mission is to be slaves. The idea behind this boastful prattle is only too clear: the fascists hate the Slavs as they hate

everyone in the world endowed with talent and a live mind and possessing noble, human aspirations. I am proud of being a Russian. I am proud of being a son of the people who produced the great Lenin. I am proud of being a Slav, a member of the race that gave the world such towering figures as Pushkin and Leo Tolstoi.....

The culture of the Slavonic peoples frightens the fascists, for it is beautiful, and whatever is great and beautiful exposes the terrible moral hideousness of fascism. It frightens Hitler's hench-men, since today it is making common cause with all advanced humanity, having become a participant in the great struggle against the Brown plague. The Hitlers and Goebbels hate our art, for it has lyricized the best qualities of the Slavonic peoples—their unselfish bravery, their readiness to sacrifice for the sake of noble idea, their passionate love of country.....

The great Slavic culture that has existed for many centuries is in mortal danger. It can be saved only in sanguinary, self-sacrificing struggle with Hitlerism.

Slav intellectuals! Nurture and entrench among the Slavic people the heroic fighting traditions of their freedom-loving ancestors; make use of every weapon, of the entire culture of mankind, to defeat the fascist invader. Take your stand in the foremost ranks of men and women fighting against this bloody fascism. ✓

SPORTSMEN ANSWER

Extracts from a letter of greetings to Stalin sent by the Anti-Fascist meeting of Soviet sportsmen. August, 2, 1942.

Our country is living through difficult and dangerous times. German-fascist troops are pressing into the interior of our Soviet land. Hitler's hordes are stretch-

ing out greedy hands to seize our grain and oil. They seek to exterminate and enslave additional millions of our free, Soviet people.

Our fate, our future and that of our children, is being decided on the fields of battle. We are called to requite the enemy, to defend our motherland to our last gasp. Our children cry for vengeance. Our mothers demand that we wipe out these fiends! Our country entreats us: "Stop, smash, exterminate the Nazis! Shield me from defilement!"

And we who are young, fit and strong, capable of intense love and furious hatred, reply: Nothing is stronger than our desire to rout the enemy, nothing more sacred than our fierce hatred of the German fascists, nothing nearer to our heart's desire than vengeance on the Nazis.

We love life and we desire to live, but to us life is meaningless without honour for our country, freedom, happiness and the joy of creative work for us and for our children.

"I SWEAR....."

And lastly comes the Red Army with its terrible oath.

I, a citizen of the U.S.S.R., entering the ranks of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army (or Navy), do take the oath and solemnly swear to be an honourable, brave, disciplined and vigilant fighter; to keep strictly all military and State secrets; to obey unquestionably all military regulations and orders of my Commanders, Commissioners and Chiefs.

I swear to apply myself conscientiously to acquiring knowledge of military affairs; to guard unsleepingly the military and national possessions; to remain loyal to my last breath to my people, to my Soviet Fatherland, and to the Workers' and Peasants' Government.

I shall ever be ready at the command of the Workers' and Peasants' Government to go forward for the defence of my fatherland—the U.S.S.R., and as a fighter, to the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. I swear to defend her with courage, with skill, with dignity, with honour, sparing neither my blood, nor my life to achieve complete victory over the enemy.

If of malice I betray this, my solemn oath, then let me be visited with the strict punishment of Soviet Law, universal hatred, and the scorn of all working people.

STALINGRAD !

All these declarations and determinations were translated into action at the hero city, Stalingrad, on August 23, 1942. The first German bombs had fallen on Stalingrad and from that day till February 2, when the German siege was finally lifted, many heroic deeds were done in and around that city. Some of the Government communiques as well as descriptions by journalists are printed in a book **STALINGRAD** published in Moscow and republished by the Peoples Publishing House. Here are a few extracts from that book.

The battle of Stalingrad is over.

Years and decades will pass, but the epic of Stalingrad will remain a subject for study; description and song. It will remain engraved in the memory of the

Soviet people as the symbol of their might, their patriotism and their hatred of their enemies. For their enemies it will remain a grim phantom of defeat and annihilation.

This battle will be studied in Military Academies as an example of stalwart defence and of street fighting unprecedented in the history of war. In this battle the spear-head of the enemy's main thrust at the heart of Stalingrad was first blunted and then broken; and scores of the crack divisions which the enemy had chosen for a drive into the depths of our country and to strike at Moscow, were checked, halted and bled white. The battle of Stalingrad will remain a shining landmark in the history of war and will serve greatly to advance the theory of the art of warfare.

In the history of war, the description of the defence of Stalingrad will be followed by the story of how the Red Army passed from the defensive to the offensive, took the initiative and cut off and surrounded twenty-two German divisions; how this engagement developed into a battle for the complete annihilation of the surrounded forces and into the offensive on the banks of the Don, the Northern Donetz and the Manich.

Mikhail Bragin describes scenes on November 19, 1942, when Soviet offensive started.

A mist hung over the Don on the morning of November 19 when our troops started the assault. After a heavy preliminary bombardment the rifle divisions and tank regiments detailed for the breach rushed to the attack. Our men, roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, swept forward like an avalanche.

After a battle on the enemy's forward lines lasting for many hours, our breaching infantry and tank regi-

ments broke through the enemy's tactical defence and a series of flank attacks isolated, surrounded and annihilated (and partly captured) the enemy's divisions, but they were checked and defeated by our troops detailed to hold the breach.

Final assault after rejection of ultimatum.

***Bragin mirrors the mind
of the Soviet soldiers,
January 10, 1943.***

That night we pictured to ourselves the day when Hitler and his criminal gang, rounded up in the same way, will stand before the court of the nations; but for the time being only Hitler's tools were trapped in Stalingrad. They have been charged and convicted. On the basis of intercepted documents, we can inform collective farmer, Sandreyev, of the village of Yekaterinovka, six kilometres north-east of Medins that among those surrounded are the two bandits who, on November 2, 1941, broke into his house, raped a woman, stole his clothes, a suit-length and number of shirts, and several days later raped a fifteen-year old girl. We can inform eighteen-year old Liza Buryanova of Kalinin, that the Hitlerite, who on November 19, 1941 attempted to rape her, killed her mother for trying to protect her, and flung the body into the yard, is also among those surrounded. These beleaguered divisions are a mere horde of marauders and cut-throats.

Our men have seen hard fighting against these German divisions. Many of them have families in the areas which these divisions had captured; and many still remember the wounds they received in battles against these Germans, the bitterness of defeat at the front, and their grief at the loss of comrades. They deserved the honour of putting the stern sentence into execution.

At this moment our Soviet warriors sensed more powerfully than ever the great and just aims of the war,

and were straining to display their prowess, to exert their efforts to the utmost, to make the supreme sacrifice for their aims. Over there, only a few kilometres away through the white night loomed Stalingrad waiting for them; before them was the foe. The hour of retribution had struck!

***Vassili Grossman* depicts the
unique and historic rôle of
Stalingrad—November 13, 1942.**

Cities, like human beings, have their own destinies. It fell to the lot of Tsaritsyn-Stalingrad, the city which stands on the great Volga divide between the North and the South, the city at the back of which stretches the sandy wastes and steppes of Kazakahstan and whose broad chest it turned to the west, towards the rich granaries of the Don and the Kuban, to act as the stronghold of the revolution in the fateful hour of the nation's destiny.

Twenty-four years have passed since Tsaritsyn, standing fast against the onslaught of the enemy, prevented the dark forces of reaction from advancing from North and South and joining forces and, like an ancient castle, stood with its portcullis ready to drop, to check the Germans in the midst of their headlong drive.

Two decades of peaceful development have passed. The trenches in the vicinity of Gumrak, Voroponov, and Beketovka have become overgrown with grass. Trees blossom where baggage trains once lumbered. Many of the veterans who took part in the defence of Tsaritsyn have passed away. The once black hair of worker volunteers has become hoary with age and those who as barefooted youngsters pattered among the smoking field-kitchens of the Red Army men, who gathered spent cartridges and played at war where war raged, have grown into maturity, are now fathers of

families, and prominent men of the Soviet State. Their destiny, their precipitate rise from dingy basements of the workers' slums to the heights of culture, is reflected in the destiny of the young Stalingradite and gifted airman and Commander, Victor Kholzunov, son of Stepan Kholzunov, a fitter of the "Dumo" Works.....

Precipitate, too, was the development of the people of Stalingrad, and precipitate was the development of the city itself during the years of peaceful Soviet life.....

The streets where sandstorms and dust had played at will were paved with asphalt. A tree belt, twenty kilometres wide, grew up round the city. It had hundreds of hectares of gardens, and avenues lined with maple and chestnut trees. The city of squat one or two-storeyed houses and tortuous streets was transformed into a city of splendid, tall white buildings, a city of spacious squares, embellished with monuments, trees and ornamental flower beds.

At night, from the Volga, Stalingrad looked like a gigantic sixty-kilometres garland of dazzling electric lights; a gorgeous display of illuminated signs advertised stores and theatres, cinemas, circuses and restaurants. Music amplified by loudspeakers, wafted over the Volga. The people took pride in their city, loved it—for indeed, Stalingrad had become one of the most beautiful cities in the Soviet Union, a city of industry and learning, of bright sunlight and vast spaces, of transparent Volga air and Russian liberty.

When excursion steamers approached the glorious white city on the Volga the holiday-makers on deck beheld thousands of windows glittering in the sun and emerald green parks. They saw the black smoke of industry curling skywards above the three gigantic factories the Tractor Plant, the "Red October" Works and the "Barricade" Works, and through the smoked glass windows they could see the molten

steel sparkling and spluttering from the crucibles. They heard the heavy rumbling of machinery, like the thunder of the waves on the seashore. This was Red Tsaritsyn, this was Stalingrad, impressing on people's minds that it was aware of its destiny as the Russian fortress of the Volga, and that it was ready again, if need be, to play the part it had played in its glorious past in a fateful hour of the nation's destiny.

***Bragin* tells the great fight
that Stalingrad put up in the
old days and the new.**

.....In the afternoon of August 23, 1918, the workers of the Miner's regiments of the Communist and Morozovo-Donetz Divisions, acting on the orders of the Military Council, launched an offensive on the central sector of the front in the vicinity of Voroponov. Sacrificing their blood and their lives they hurled back the enemy pressing hard on the city.

Exactly twenty-four years later, at 5 p.m. on August 23, 1942, eighty German tanks and a column of motorized infantry broke through, to Stalingrad's first-born—the Tractor Plant. Simultaneously, hundreds of enemy bombing planes released their loads of death-dealing missiles on the residential districts of Stalingrad. This was the first onslaught of the fascist hordes in their frantic drive eastward to the Volga.

The city was ablaze, enveloped in pillars of smoke and fire reaching to the sky. It seemed as though there had been no intervening decades between the first German occupation of the Ukraine and the Don and this second German invasion. Once again in the smoke and din of battle, Red Tsaritsyn—Stalingrad, the city of illustrious and grim destiny, rose to make a stand.

And now this hero city stretches before us—an agglomeration of ruins, some still smoking and warm,

like corpses not yet grown cold, others frigid and grim. At night the moon sheds a flood of light on the caved-in buildings and the stumps of trees mown down by shells. In the cold greenish moonlight the desolate asphalted squares glisten like ice-bound lakes, while the dark patches on the surface, yawning craters made by high-explosive bombs, look like holes in the ice. The shell-battered factories stand silent, no smoke curls from the chimney-stacks, and the flower beds which once ornamented the factory grounds look like burial mounds.

.....No, the great city did not die! Heaven and earth tremble at the thunder of our big guns; the battle goes on with the same force as it did two months ago. Tens of thousands of living hearts beat evenly and strongly in the houses of Stalingrad. They are the hearts of Stalingrad workers, of Donetz miners, of workers and peasants from the Gorky, Urals, Moscow, Ivanovo, Vyatka and Perm Regions. Against these brave hearts the German attacks have shivered for these hearts are the truest in the world.

Never was Stalingrad so grand and beautiful as it is now when, although reduced to ruins, it stands acclaimed by the freedom-loving peoples of the world. Stalingrad lives. Stalingrad fights on.

Konstantin Simonov describes
those grim days and nights
at Stalingrad. September 25,
1942.

Those who have been here will never forget it. When after the lapse of years we look back and recall the war, the very word will conjure up a vision of Stalingrad illuminated by the flare of rockets and the glow of fire; and once again the incessant thunder of bombardment from the land and the air will ring in our ears. Again

we shall feel the suffocating stench of burning and hear the crackling of overheated sheet iron.

The Germans are besieging Stalingrad. But when people here speak of Stalingrad, they have in mind neither the centre of the city, nor Lenin Street, nor even the suburbs but the whole vast, straggling, sixty-five kilometres stretch along the Volga—the entire city including residential districts, factory sites and workers' settlements, the cluster of small towns which go to make up one vast city encircling a whole bend of the river. Today Stalingrad no longer resembles the city we were wont to see from the decks of the Volga river steamers. The cheerful cluster of white houses reaching up the hillside is no longer there, nor are the gay Volga piers and embankments lined with bathing huts, kiosks and cottages. Today it is grim and grey, enveloped in a pall of smoke and over it, day and night, flickering flames keep up an endless dance filling the air with soot. A soldier city scarred in battle, with makeshift forts and strongholds, and piles of heroic ruins.

Nor is the Volga near Stalingrad the river we once knew with its deep sluggish waters, broad, sunny beaches, lines of swift moving steamers, entire floating streets of pine rafts and leisurely caravan of barges. No! To day the Volga near Stalingrad is a military river. Its banks are pitted with shell holes and bomb craters. Bombs rain down on its surface, throwing up heavy columns of water. Heavily-laden ferry-boats and light row boats ply across it, back and forth, serving the besieged city. The clash of arms rings over it while its dark waves are tinted like the blood-stained bandages of the wounded.

In the daytime houses flare up, now here, now there in the city; at night a smoke-bedimmed glow stretches along the horizon. The detonation of bombs and the rumbling of guns go on day and night, causing the very earth to tremble. The city has long ceased to have any

particular invulnerable spot, but during these days of siege the people here have become accustomed to danger. Fires rage in the city. Many streets no longer exist, others are pitted with bomb craters. The women and children who still remain in the city seek shelter in cellars or dig caves in the gullies leading down to the Volga. The Germans have been storming the city for a month, bent on taking it. Fragments of wrecked bomber planes brought down over the city strew the streets; shells from anti-aircraft guns rend the skies, but the bombing never ceases even for an hour. The Germans are striving might and main to convert this city into an inferno where it would be impossible to live.

Yes, it is difficult to live here, for here the sky overhead is in flames and the earth trembles at one's feet. The sight of the gaping walls and the blackened window-frames of what were but yesterday peaceful dwellings, causes the muscle of one's throat to contract in a spasm of hatred. The charred remains of women and children, burnt alive by the Germans on one of the river steamers, strew the sandy beach of the Volga and cry aloud for vengeance. Yes, it is very difficult to live here. Even more: it is impossible to live here as a passive bystander. To live here to fight, to live here to kill Germans—only this is possible here. This we must and will do, staunchly defending the city enveloped in flames and smoke, and drenched in blood. And although death hovers over us, glory, our sister, is by our side amidst the ruins and orphans' tears.

***Simonov* narrates an incident
which will never be forgotten.**

September 25, 1942.

The embankment or what is left of it, is a jumble of burned machines, wrecked barges cast ashore and rickety little houses so far unscathed. It is a sultry noon. Dense clouds of smoke hide the sun. The Germans

have been bombing the city again since early morning. Dive bombers swoop down one after the other, right in front of our eyes. The puffs of anti-aircraft shells mottle the sky which resembles the greyish blue skin of some monstrous animal. Fighter planes circle overhead where a furious battle is raging, never ceasing for a moment. The city is fighting grimly, no matter what the cost; and if the price paid be dear, the feats the men accomplish, rigorous and stern, and their sufferings almost incredible—these things cannot be helped, for the struggle being waged is for life or for death.

The lapping waves of the Volga cast up a charred log on the sandy shore at our feet. On it lies the body of a drowned woman holding on to the log with scorched and distorted fingers. Where it has been washed up from I cannot say. Perhaps she was one of the victims who perished on the steamer, or in the fire on the pier. Her face is disfigured: the suffering she underwent before death released her must have been unbearable. The Germans did this, did it in front of our eyes. And let them not ask for quarter from those who witnessed it. After Stalingrad we shall give no quarter.

***Vassili Grossman* describes
the almost miraculous way in
which the Volga Ferry worked.
November 4, 1942.**

The Volga...the dark waters flow under an overcast sky and from them comes a cold breeze. As soon as dusk falls the men who are holding the river crossing come out of their dug-outs, bunkers, trenches and hidden shelters. It is against them that the Germans have loosed eight thousand bombs and five thousand shells in the last few weeks. It is on their heads that the Germans have dropped five hundred and fifty bombs from the air in the last week and a half. In the

vicinity of the crossing the ground has been ploughed up by vicious steel.

The dark, high silhouette of an overloaded barge looms through the dusk. A hoarse business-like bass voice shouts something to the tugboat. As if by magic everything round about miraculously comes to life: the wheels of trucks hiss through the sand, Red Army men grunt under their loads of flat cases of shells, bottles of liquid fuel, cartridges, grenades, bread, rusks, sausages, packages of food containers.

Meanwhile the German bombardment does not cease for a moment. But now they are firing at random, as the enemy observers cannot see what is taking place on shore, cannot see the dark expanse of the river. Shells whistle over the Volga and burst, lighting up the trees and the cold white sand with a momentary red glare. Fragments, whining fiercely, fly all around, swooshing through the river reeds. But no one pays any heed to them. Loading is proceeding in full swing, well-ordered magnificently matter-of-fact.

The ferry supplies the Stalingrad Divisions with food and munitions.

It is day time and the ferry is not working. In the day time both the banks and the expanses of the river are deserted as the dark waters flow by under the cloudy autumn sky. The big barges, the trawlers, the tugboats, the motorboats and rowboats have disappeared just as if they have dived under the water. Only rarely does a fast motorboat with a powerful zis motor cut swiftly through the foaming waters, swerving sharply on its course. Exploding bombs howl on shore, while clouds of earth, smoke and yellow leaves from the autumn trees fly into the air. The shells from the German heavy guns whistle malignantly over the water. But evening will come—and once again the ferry will start its work.

Grossman describes a night attack.

Late at night we travelled along the banks of Stalingrad on a motorboat. Four or five miles of road, some ten minutes along the broad expanse of the Volga.

The Volga was seething. The blue flame of exploding German shells hissed on the waters. Death-bearing splinters showered round about. Our heavy bombers buzzed angrily in the dark skies. Hundreds of screaming blue, red and white tracer bullets sent by A A batteries sped after them. The bombers swooped forth the white trajectories of machine-gun bursts on the German searchlight. On the other side of the Volga, it seemed as if the whole universe shook with the mighty roaring of heavy guns and full blast of our powerful artillery. On the right bank the ground trembled with the explosions. Vast conflagrations caused by the bombs flared up over the factories, and the earth, the sky, the Volga—everything was enveloped in flames. And the heart felt that here was a battle raging for the fate of the country, that here, evenly, solemnly, amidst the smoke and flame, our people were battling.

**INDIA SALUTES
THE HEROES**

Little wonder that the heroism of the peoples of the U. S. S. R. should grip the imagination of the world. India's feeling of admiration is voiced by *Sarojini Naidu*, in this eloquent message she sent to the Soviet number of "The People's War", November 7, 1943.

The great leaders of India are still in prison and cannot greet you, O valiant people! The high privilege

therefore devolves on me to send you, in the name of India, a message of goodwill and gratitude on the twenty-sixth anniversary of that memorable day of travail and triumph that witnessed the birth of a new Russia.

With eyes of pride and wonder we have watched the miracle of your magnificent achievements in a brief quarter century which, in the history of human progress, counts as but a single pulse beat of Time.

With the blood and tears of your supreme sacrifice, your unconquerable hope and invulnerable faith in your own destiny, you have built, out of the ruins of a shattered Empire, a splendid new world of Democracy. You took the broken waggon of your peasants and hitched it to the star of freedom; you gathered the trampled clay of humanity and shaped an invincible legion of heroes who, today, are the defenders and guardians of the world's liberty and civilization.

To India, as to other countries in the throes of struggle to attain national independence, your unrivalled example is a radiant beacon of inspiration. We salute you, O people of Russia, and offer you the homage of our love and praise.

NO ONE WOULD KILL EUSTACE

With so many grim stories of death and destruction one would not think much of a bunch of war toughened veterans who could not kill a cock, yet we venture to include this story sent to his paper by *William Forrest*, "News Chronicle" War Correspondent, in the prose of this war.

We call him Eustace, but he deserves the heroic name of Cypselus—the infant whom the oligarchs of ancient Corinth sought in vain to slay, for none of the ten men hired to do the deed could find it in his heart to kill the happy, smiling child.

More than ten men—tough veterans of the Eighth Army inured to bloodshed—have meditated the death of Eustace. It is not his smile that has saved him, for no trace of a smile has ever been seen in the glint of his beady eye; and from his throat issues, not the gurgling chuckle of a baby, but the shrill, strident crowing of a cock.

For Eustace is in fact a cock—as red an Orpington as ever was.

We bought him from an Arab for 150 cigarettes, and lips that had long since tried and found wanting all the seven-and-seventy known varieties of bully beef stew were licked in anticipation of the morrow's dinner. That night Eustace roosted in a box underneath our truck. Next morning we were awakened by an ear-splitting noise which, echoing through the wadis, must have been heard by the Germans.

We cursed Eustace, but remembering he would never greet another morn let him crow on.

At breakfast, while Eustace strutted round the table picking bread and sausage crumbs, we discussed the problem of dinner. There were volunteers to pluck and cook the bird, but in vain we waited for volunteers to kill the bird, and when someone said; "Looks a bit scraggy, doesn't he? Let's keep him for a day or two and fatten him up," we all concurred.

That morning other parties camped nearby looked in to complain in army language of the infernal noise that had shattered their sleep and to express the hope, not unmingled with threats, that it would not happen again. But it did: not once or twice but several times. With every rude awakening by Eustace timed at

04.00 hours six men vowed death to the bird. But always at breakfast the question "Who will kill cock Eustace?" was met with averted looks and an abrupt change of topic.

Eustace waxed on our crumbs and our clemency. Truth to tell except for that awful moment at 04.00 hours, we liked the bird. He reminded us of other times and other scenes back home.

But how our neighbours jeered at us. "Why don't you kill the bird?" they shouted as they passed. Or, "Why don't you find a mate for him?" or (ignoring sex) "Got any eggs yet?"

Our nearest neighbours, the B. B. C. unit, cried the loudest for Eustace's blood.

Came the day when we had to leave our camp and set off on a long journey, but to kill Eustace now was out of the question, for there was no time to pluck and cook him.

Well, we would make amends to the B. B. C.; we would give them the bird free, gratis and for nothing. Licking their lips as we had done they accepted the gift.

Later we returned to the scene of our disgrace and dropped into the B. B. C. camp to hear the news. Of Eustace not a single vestige remained. We naturally did not mention a subject so painful to us; but neither, much to our surprise, did the he-men of the B. B. C. Was it possible they didn't want to hurt our feelings or what?

Yes, or what? For suddenly above the blaring of the radio we heard a familiar, unmistakable note. Cock-a-doodle-doo.

We looked at the B. B. C. and the B. B. C. looked scarlet. "Yes" they stammered, "it's Eustace. It was like this. There's our Russian colleague, the Tass Agency correspondent, camped over there and we

thought it would be a nice Anglo-Russian solidarity gesture if we made him a present of the bird."

We went over to our Russian friend's camp and saw Eustace settling down his night's roost in a tree. Tomorrow morning at 04.00 hours he will be on the air as usual.

Young Cypselus lived to become the tyrant of Corinth. Eustace has evidently got the measure of all of us, and when the Eighth Army marches into Tunis he will be there to crow over the Africa Corps—and us.

WITHIN THE HOUR

Perhaps Eustace would have had no chance to crow the second morning if he had got into the hands of the Hara-Kiri tribe of Japanese soldiers, who had already come into the picture.

And to them we have now to turn. First let us read Churchill's clear warning.

I must admit that having voted for the Japanese alliance nearly 40 years ago, in 1902, and having always done my very best to promote good relations with the island-Empire of Japan, and always having been a sentimental well-wisher of the Japanese and an admirer of their many gifts and qualities, I should view with keen sorrow the opening of a conflict between Japan and the English speaking world.

The United States' time-honoured interests in the Far East are well known. They are doing their utmost to find ways of preserving peace in the Pacific. We do not know whether their efforts will be successful,

but should they fail I take this occasion to say, and it is my duty to say, that, should the United States become involved in war with Japan, the British declaration will follow within the hour.

—*Speech at the Mansion House, London. November 10. 1941*

THE LIGHT THAT BLAZED

Churchill more than fulfilled his promise. The British declaration of war on Japan came a few hours earlier than the American declaration! And here is *Churchill's* view of the changed situation, December 8, 1941.

Now that the issue is joined in the most direct manner, it only remains for the two great democracies to face their task with whatever strength God may give them. We must hold ourselves very fortunate, and I think we may rate our affairs not wholly ill-guided, that we were not attacked alone by Japan in our period of weakness after Dunkirk.....So precarious and narrow was the margin upon which we then lived that we did not dare to express the sympathy which we have all along felt for the heroic people of China. We were even forced for a short time, in the summer of 1940, to agree to closing the Burma Road. But later on, at the beginning of this year, as soon as we could regather our strength, we reversed that policy, and the House will remember that both I and the Foreign Secretary have felt able to make increasingly outspoken declaration of friendship for the Chinese people and their great leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek.

We have always been friends. Last night I cabled to the Generalissimo assuring him that henceforth we would face the common foe together.....

When we think of the insane ambition and insatiable appetite which have caused this vast and melancholy extension of the war, we can only feel that Hitler's madness had infected the Japanese mind, and that the root of the evil and its branch must be extirpated together.

It is of the highest importance that there should be no underrating of the gravity of the new dangers we have to meet, either here or in the United States. The enemy has attacked with an audacity which may spring from recklessness, but which may also spring from a conviction of strength. The ordeal to which the English-speaking world and our heroic Russian Allies are being exposed will certainly be hard, especially at the outset, and will probably be long, yet when we look around us over the sombre panorama of the world, we have no reason to doubt the justice of our cause or that of our strength and will-power will be sufficient to sustain it. We have at least four-fifths of the population of the globe upon our side. We are responsible for their safety and for their future. In the past we have had a light which flickered, in the present we have a light which flames, and in the future there will be a light which shines over all the land and sea.

FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Churchill drew a more mellow and moving picture of the war-torn world in a broadcast speech from White House, at the lighting of the Communal Christmas tree, December 24, 1941.

This is a strange Christmas Eve. Almost the whole world is locked in deadly struggle, and, with the most terrible weapons which science can devise, the nations advance upon each other. Ill would it be for us this Christmastide if we were not sure that no greed for the

land or wealth of any other people, no vulgar ambition, no morbid lust for material gain at the expense of others had led us to the field. Here, in the midst of war, raging and roaring over all the lands and seas, creeping nearer to our hearths and homes, here, amid all the tumult, we have to-night the peace of the spirit in each cottage home and in every generous heart. Therefore, we may cast aside for this night at least the cares and dangers which beset us, and make for the children an evening of happiness in a world of storm. Here, then, for one night only, each home throughout the English-speaking world should be a brightly lighted island of happiness and peace.

Let the children have their night of fun and laughter. Let the gifts of Father Christmas delight their play. Let us grown-ups share to the full in their unstinted pleasures before we turn again to the stern task and the formidable years that lie before us, resolved that, by our sacrifice and daring, these same children shall not be robbed of their inheritance or denied their right to live in a free and decent world.

And so, in God's mercy, a happy Christmas to you all.

LAST WORD

The entry of Japan into the war naturally has brought its quota of stories. In this field top marks must go to the New York magazine *TIME*, from June 8 issue of which the following story is taken.

Time: early morning of May 5, 1942. Place: the radio dugout on Corregidor. At his key a haggard radio operator taps out the last

broken sentences of the most tragic chapter in U.S. Military history.

"They are not near yet. We are waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda?.....

"Not many. Not near yet. Lots of heavy fighting going on. We've only got about one hour twenty minutes before.....

"We may have to give up by noon. We don't know yet. They are throwing men and shells at us and we may not be able to stand it.

"We've got about 55 minutes and I feel sick at my stomach.....They are around smashing rifles. They bring in the wounded every minute. We will be waiting for you guys to help.....

"General Wainwright is a right guy and we are willing to go on for him. But shells were dropping all night, faster than hell. Damage terrible. Too much for guys to take. Enemy heavy cross shelling and bombing. They have got us all around and from the skies.....

"From here it looks like firing ceased on both sides. Men here all feeling bad because of terrific nervous strain.....Corregidor used to be a nice place, but it's haunted now.....

"Just made broadcast to Manila to arrange meeting for surrender. Talk made by General (Lewis C) Beebe. I can't say much. Can't think at all. I can hardly think. Say, I have 60 pesos you can have for this week end.....

"The jig is up. Everyone is bawling like a baby. They are piling dead and wounded in our tunnel. Arm's weak from pounding key. Long hours, no rest, short rations, tired.

"I know how a mouse feels. Caught in a trap waiting for guys to come along and finish it up. Got a treat. Can pineapple.....

"My name is Irving Strobings...Get this to my mother. Mrs. Minnie Strobings, 605 Barbey Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. They are to get along O.K. Get in touch with them as soon as possible. Message: My love to Pa, Joe, Sue, Mac, Garry, Joy and Paul. Also to all family and friends. God bless 'em all. Hope they be there when I come home. Tell Joe wherever he is to give 'em hell for us. My love you all. God bless and keep you. Love.

"Sign my name and tell my mother how you heard from me."

MARCH OF THE 400

Doubtless the Japs forced a series of retreats on the Allies. But there can be glory and heroism in retreats as this story of Lieut. General Stilwell's trip from Burma shows. It was cabled to *TIME* by its correspondent *Jack Belden*, who was with "Uncle Joe" Stilwell through the whole Burma campaign and the long March to India. (*TIME*, June 1.)

Marching at a dogged, fixed pace of 105 steps per minute, which became known as the "Stilwell Stride", the iron-haired, grim, skeleton-thin General walked into India with tommygun on shoulder at the head of a polyglot party of weary, hungry, sick American, British and Chinese Army officers, enlisted men, Burmese women nurses, Naga, Chin and Shan tribes-

men and a devil's brew of Indian and Malayan mechanics, railwaymen, cooks, refugees, cipher clerks and mixed breeds of southern Asia.

Stilwell, showing no signs of wear except gradually thinning cheeks, led the untrained party of civilians and soldiers through the elephant trails and teakwood forests and jungles of northern Burma, across the Chindwin River, over a 7,000-ft., pass into a cloud-enveloped land of head-hunting tribesmen to final safety in India, only a few day's march ahead of the Japanese, without losing a single member of the party.

The Chinese Army units under Stilwell's command were one day's march behind us when we crossed the Chindwin, but we have had no news of them since then. We have reason to believe that the greater portion of the Chinese Army, except the unit left in the hills of the Shan States at the time of the Jap drive toward Lashio, are safe.

For three exhausting weeks Stilwell led our undisciplined, untrained party through a maze of crisscrossing paths, alternately coaxing, urging, commanding them to hurry as we sought to escape the jaws of the gigantic Japanese encircling movement. On the second day of our trek our radio was destroyed and thereafter as information went we marched blindly.

Along the main northern roads in the ebb tide of British Empire our progress was blocked by a leaderless, directionless stream of helpless, pleading, praying, begging, cursing refugees seeking food and comfort and aid to reach India. At other times, at the order of Stilwell, we plunged into the thickest jungles, striking across unknown trails where the only sounds were the screaming of hordes of unseen monkeys and the slitherings of the brightest green poisonous snakes. Alternately scorched by terrific heat under which several of our party fainted, and drenched by tropical rains, our ranks were affected by dysentery, malaria,

heat, exhaustion. Some had sores from infected blisters; others were suffering from lack of sleep. But all of us were safe.

Our inadequate rations were augmented by Karin Kachin, Burmese girl nurses, who under the direction of Major Gordon Seagrave, Burma-born mission doctor, picked berries and vegetables, made stews complementing the small rice diet. Our oftentimes drooping morale was also kept alive by these girls, all of whom were between the ages of 17 and 22, singing Christmas hymns, ancient American Jazz, as they marched barefoot downstream through heat-scorched thickets and over rocky trails toward India, always in higher spirits and better health than the male members of the party, to whom at the end of each day they gave medical treatment—piercing blisters, bandaging infections, soothing bruised spirits in as romantic a setting as Hollywood ever conceived.

Our major goal on this trip was the Chindwin River. We crossed it a few days ahead of the Japanese.....

WHAT WAR MEANS

For a good many years before the Anglo-American declaration of war on Japan, China had been fighting a war of heroic resistance, which did not receive and perhaps is still not receiving the attention it deserved. A glimpse of what was happening in China can be had in the following extract from "Women's Wartime Work in China."

Suffering and misery are the conditions of war; in this age of bitter inhumanity one is apt to listen with chill disinterest to fresh tales of horror. But this disin-

terest is directly measured by one's distance from the scene of violence. One cannot live in China and feel and think without being moved to action. The cold fact that China has 6,000,000 homeless refugees may mean little until one sees these gaunt, hungering people dragging themselves over thousands of miles of dusty paths. The fact that a Japanese bombing may kill 4,000 people in a day means nothing until one hears flames roar, bombs thud, and sees the horrid outcome of the meeting of human flesh and steel shrapnel. China's 100,000 war orphans are only a phrase until one looks into the questioning eyes of a parentless child and feels the clutch of its hands as it seeks comfort.

BUILDING FOR VICTORY The Chinese had no illusions about their backwardness either.

China knows that to win this war it is not enough to fight; it is necessary also to build. The nature of Chinese society must be transformed... a revolution in the thought of an entire people must be brought about. Within the sphere of time that stretches from now to final victory, China must accomplish those developments that in the West required a period of more than four hundred years. The horizon of the Chinese peasant, the unit of the nation, must be completely recast. He must be made politically aware of his duties to the nation and of those qualities wherein his present way of life falls short.

TELLING & ASKING

The startling change that had come over the status and importance of China is reflected in this account of the visit of *Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek* to India, *TIME*,

February 23, 1942. We believe this is the prose of Bill Fischer.

...Even the soft Indian morning seemed a bright blue pennant peculiarly British. Sunlight splashed on the copper dome of the Viceroy's palace, and down Kingsway the War Memorial Arch, casting precise shadows, was a reminder of past victories. There was nothing to suggest desperation in this brightly polished Rolls Royce with a plucky little Union Jack whipping from the radiator cap. The long line of troops stood rigid, a starched khaki pride.

Only Sir Edward Elgar could have put this scene to music. Only Kipling could have rhymed it. It was the glory of the British Empire summarized. And yet this was the scene—more than Singapore, more than the wrangling House of Commons, more than the smoke-choked, German-defiled Straits of Dover—that said to the world: the British Empire, as an idea, is on its gallant march, from which it may not come home.

For in that Rolls Royce, reviewing those troops, owning that bright blue morning was a man, who by the old standards, was just a "native," but, by the new was one of the half-dozen most important men in the world—Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek of China. By his side was his beautiful wife, Mei-ling Soong Chiang, symbol, above all others of the women of Asia. He had flown to India to tell the British to fight harder, and to ask the Indians to.

In the difference between the telling and asking lay, if not a world, at least an Empire.

ANTI-AGGRESSION FRONT

And this is how the *Generalissimo* asked the Indians to fight, in the course of his farewell broadcast from the Calcutta station of the AIR. February 21, 1942.

...Our two peoples have an outstanding virtue in common, namely, the noble spirit of self-sacrifice for the sake of Justice and Righteousness. It is this traditional spirit which should move them to self-negation for the salvation of mankind.

I venture to suggest to my brethren, the people of India, that at this most critical moment in the history of civilization our two peoples should exert themselves to the utmost in the case of freedom for all mankind, for only in a free world could the Chinese and Indian peoples obtain their freedom. Furthermore, should freedom be denied to either China or India, there could be no real peace in the world.

The present international situation divides the world into two camps, the aggression camp and the anti-aggression camp. There is no middle course and there is no time to wait for developments. Now is the crucial moment for the whole future of mankind. The issue before us does not concern the dispute of any one man or country; nor does it concern any specific questions pending between one people and another. Any people, therefore, which joins the anti-aggression front may be said to co-operate not with any particular country, but with the entire Front.

**NO FREEDOM; NO
PEACE**

And then he turned round and said this to the other side.

...I sincerely hope and confidently believe that our Ally, Great Britain, without waiting for any demands on the part of the people of India, will as speedily as possible give them real political power, so that they may be in a position further to develop their spiritual and material strength and thus realize that their participation in the war is not merely an aid to the anti-aggression nations for securing victory, but also a turning point in their struggle for India's freedom.

From an objective point of view, I am of opinion that this would be the wisest policy which will rebound to the credit of the British Empire...Should freedom be denied to either China or India, there will be no real peace in the world.

COLLABORATION NOW!

But neither the British nor the Indians listened to the Generalissimo's advice. The reason why is explained in the following extracts from an article by *Edgar Snow* in "Saturday Evening Post". March 14, 1942.

Many Indians cannot see why, since we guarantee the independence of Canada, Mexico, and all South America, and the British can recognize the independence of Syria and China and promise liberation to countries like Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, their own aspirations should be denied. It is not easy to answer them. Though India's contribution to Britain's survival has been small compared to its potential, it is great beyond comparison to the help given by those countries.

Britain's victories in Egypt, Libya, Abyssinia and the Near East would scarcely have been possible without Indian troops. Indians bulked large—though not large enough—in the defence of Singapore. In fact India's troops are, like our own, scattered all over the world.

Who is more to blame, Britons or Indians, is no longer the question to thoughtful men on either side... But the imperative need to create a formula for collaboration now, without another moment's delay—that is what neither side seems to realize. That is what disturbs Americans. The complications, the accumulation of centuries of social degradation and

backwardness of rulers as well as ruled sometimes seem insurmountable. But the pity of it is that the grandeur of vision, the determination to do the impossible, which has solved no less staggering problems on the home front, has not been allowed to spill over upon India for more than a fleeting moment or two.

It is a fact that India can be fully won to the Allied cause and to democracy. If Mr. Roosevelt can say we must produce 125,000 air planes next year, Mr. Churchill can say to England, we must have the co-operation of the Indian people. And he can get it.

The old arguments of empire have collapsed. The sanctity of British investments, or American investments? What do a few hundred millions matter when we are throwing billions into the furnaces of war and millions of men are dying? Not that it was ordained that the have-gots must lose their goods, if they moved fast enough. Surely part of the lessons we are getting today from Japan, and also from China, is that the alleged incompetence of the Asiatic to govern himself, or to defend himself, is precisely the myth which has exploded beneath us.

ANOTHER WAR!

And then *Snow* went on to warn what might happen if the lesson was not learnt.

Evolution is the basic pattern of political as well as biological life, but there are moments in history when an event, the causes of which have been gathering for twenty or forty years, all at once attains a focus, and there occurs that elemental breaking of forces we call a revolution. We are living in such a moment. The old imperialism is in its death agonies and nothing can revive it. But we are reluctant to reconcile ourselves to that fact by building a sturdier political structure in the East to contain the rich democratic energies

of the colonial people before the old structure entirely collapses.

Unless Asia and we understand each other now, we may not only pay a greater price for victory but find ourselves involved in a different and still bloodier war when this one is over.....

THE POLICE ENTER

Whether there will be a war of the kind that Edgar Snow envisaged, it is too soon to prophecy. But out of this want of understanding a small internal 'War' has been taking place in India between British policy and Indian Nationalist sentiment. We give below extracts from write-ups about two important incidents in this 'war', viz; the arrest of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi's fast, published in TIME.

The shuffling of camel pads pounded softly near a great cream-coloured mansion in Allahabad where the white, gold and green flag of the Indian National Congress party flirted with the wind. Here was dignity and beauty. Here, in the mansion built by his father, Jawaharlal Nehru knew that there was refuge from the world.

To this mansion had come many men: the lordly rulers of India, the sycophants, the rebels and humblest peasants of the field. Here Nehru longed to return from the squalor and wranglings in Bombay. Then came a knock at the door. Quickly Nehru's Oxford-educated daughter, Indira ran to open it. She expected

radio men setting up a microphone for a broadcast that Nehru was to make to the U. S. But the callers were not radio men. They were British police.

It was the ninth time since 1921 that Pandit Nehru had gone to jail. Only twice has he been out for more than a year at a time. Yet for ten years he was Secretary General of the Congress Party, three times its president and, next to the half-naked Mahatma Gandhi, the most powerful figure in India's political life. As a sensitive liberal and a world statesman, Nehru has outgrown the shadow of his over-age Messiah. But Gandhi, self-willed, self-made symbol of the Hindu peasant, has clamped Nehru's feet to India. It was Nehru the disciple, not Nehru the internationalist, who returned once more to jail.

A LOST LESSON

In his last interview before returning to his "other home", Nehru told TIME Correspondent, Theodore White, what he might have explained in a U. S. broadcast. Above him in the reception room of the Allahabad mansion were pictures of his father, Motilal Nehru, a signed photograph of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek, a photograph of Sun Yat-Sen and Madame Sun. Gone was Nehru's laughter and the jokes he had made with the Chiangs last spring when they conferred on world problems in a villa at New Delhi. Great masses of flowers had been in bloom then. Now the flowers in India were burned out in the summer. So was Nehru burned out, his handsome face drawn in lines of fatigue and sorrow.....

.....Basically, said Nehru, the Indian crisis is the result of Europe and America's concept of Asia. "What has astounded me," said Idealist Nehru, "is the total inability of the English-speaking peoples to think of the world situation, in terms of realism—realism being more

than military realism. It is political, psychological, economic realism... Their concept of us is that of a mass people fallen low, a backward people who must be lifted out from the depths by good works...

"I think about it and it seems to me that there is something essential lacking in European civilization, some poison which eats into it and brings about a war every 20 years. For the average Asiatic in this war the prestige of Europe has suffered tremendously... The fall of France showed up the rottenness of Western imperialism and the burden which it imposed on the people of the West..... Much later came the fall of Burma and Malay... This, at any rate, was a direct lesson to the British that their empire was going to pieces. But the astounding thing is that it has had little or no effect."

THE WORLD WATCHED WITH SHAME

The bright light of a newly risen full moon sprinkled the steps of the temple Laksmi Narain Mandir at Delhi. The temple bells clanged loud and long. Before the shrine stood a priest in massive turban and with the holy mark gleaming on his forehead. The bells and the drums and cymbals ceased their clamour. Gently moving his hands, the priest led the congregation in a song. Offerings and sweets on brass plates were made to the deities. Then began a prayer for the life of scrawny little man, toothless, moneyless, helpless Mohandas Gandhi.

The prayer for Gandhi at the temple at Delhi was only part of a vast and tragic sense of gloom that engulfed India. In the fields the peasants laid aside their wooden ploughs. In mud-hut villages and princely palaces the talk was of Gandhi. Only the unbending British Raj would be blamed by millions of Indians if Gandhi die inside the guarded palace of the Aga Khan at Poona.....

In the minds of the mystical Indian people, Gandhi was a symbol of the fight for freedom, of the long struggle to throw off British rule. In terms of Hindu philosophy, Gandhi was a man of peace who was offering his life to atone for the failings of his followers and, as a result, may be immortalized.

The political side of the problem Gandhi stated to the Marquess of Linlithgow in a recent exchange of letters: "If I don't survive the ordeal I shall go to the judgment seat with the fullest faith in my innocence. Posterity will judge between you, the representative of an all-powerful Government, and me as the humbler man who tried to serve his country and humanity through it."

Between Gandhi's will and that of the Viceroy the final clash had come. Like a Greek Tragedy the action moved inexorably towards the climax. A frail little bag of bones had decided he would drink only fruit juice for three weeks, and the whole British Empire quivered. A world that uses and more than half believes in force watched the struggle with divided sympathies and a strange sense of shame.....

"*TIME*"

WHAT PRICE VICTORY? It is not only the Indian policy of the Allies that has caused disquiet. Their whole diplomatic set-up has given rise to anxiety. This feeling was voiced by no less a person than *Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek*, in his address to the United Nations on July 7, 1943 the anniversary of the Japanese attack on China.

What disquiets the mind of the Chinese people is not whether the United Nations will win the war, but when they are going to win it and at what price. The unique position Japan is occupying deserves the utmost attention from all of us. In one sense she is at her weakest as her ready resources are approaching a point of exhaustion.....In another sense, however, Japan is making desperate efforts to consolidate her conquests with a view to replenishing her war potential. She is doing everything she can in the South Seas, in Burma, and in the occupied territory of China to exploit man-power and resources..... Once this far-reaching program of reconstruction is completed, Japan would be far stronger than at the time she first conquered these lands. Consequently, the present is the most opportune moment for the Allies to launch large scale offensives against Japan, which are bound to reap great results within a relatively short span of time.

Just as Germany vainly hopes for dissension among the United Nations, Japan is praying that the United Nations delay their big offensives against her. Should we let her have further respite to proceed with her program, thus enabling her to complete impregnable defences and to wage a long drawn-out war with us, the time and price the Allies will have to pay to defeat her will be many times longer and heavier than what are required today.

CHINA HOPES

In the course of the same broadcast the Generalissimo stated in a typically Chinese fashion, his own conception of what the war aims of the Allies should be.

With the adoption and enforcement of this strategy (viz. to wage war on the Japanese and European fronts with equal power) the war will enter its final

stage. We must, therefore, pay our attention to the winning of the ensuing peace. Whether we are going to win that peace depends largely upon whether the United Nations especially the United States, Soviet Russia, Great Britain and China, who are bearing the major burdens of the war, could before the end of the war reach a complete agreement of policy and build a concrete foundation for postwar co-operation.

In this connection, China has a number of hopes. Firstly, this war should not be concluded by a "negotiated peace". This means that when our enemies in Europe and Asia are defeated, they must accept unconditionally the terms of the United Nations. They must be completely disarmed. The evil seeds of aggression in their traditions and creeds as well as in their political and economic institutions must also be uprooted.....

Secondly, the future peace should be a peace seeking the emancipation of the entire mankind. After we win the war, the independent nations that have been occupied by the enemy, must certainly regain their independence. As to the peoples under the rule of the enemy or otherwise still having not attained complete freedom, we must likewise help them to be emancipated. The relative speed of emancipation may have to vary in accordance with different cultural levels of different peoples. But it is imperatively desirable that the same principles apply in the emancipation of all peoples.....

Thirdly, the United Nations should set up, at the earliest possible moment, a joint machinery for the winning of the peace as well as for the efficient prosecution of the war. It is contented in certain quarters that the creation of such a body might cause friction among the Allied powers, and thus hamper the prosecution of the war. But differences of opinion, if any, can at no time be better dissolved than when we are fighting the war shoulder to shoulder. I believe that to

set up such a machinery will not only help to unify the strategy and policies of the United Nations, but will lay a firm foundation for post-war co-operation. A perfect understanding between nations, just as a perfect friendship between men, takes roots when the parties concerned are helping one another through difficulties.

Fourthly, to safeguard international justice and collective security and to insure the successful functioning of democratic governments after the war, there must be a post-war world organization with the solid backing of an international force.....

* * *

This question of what should happen and apprehensions of what might really happen has given rise to a tremendous volume of literature. For as Quentin Reynold or somebody put it in a commentary.

"The invader passes. Below him lies the rubble of blasted buildings and the twisted bodies of human beings. But far above him rises one's spirit each day more determined in purpose—each day stronger in the pursuit of ultimate victory."

And then naturally arises the question—"After Victory, what?" We give below a series of extracts containing opinions of prominent persons in the world, on this and cognate subjects.

M. STALIN

It may now be regarded as beyond dispute that in the course of the war imposed upon the nations by Hitler's Germany, a radical demarcation of forces and the formation of two opposite camps have taken place;

the camp of the Italo-German coalition, and the camp of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition.

It is equally beyond dispute that these two opposition coalitions are guided by two different and opposite programmes of actions.

The program of action of the Italo-German coalition may be characterised by the following points: race hatred; domination of the "chosen" nations; subjugation of minor nations and seizure of their territories; economic enslavement of the subjugated nations and spoliation of their national wealth; destruction of democratic liberties; universal institution of the Hitler regime.

The program of action of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition is: abolition of racial exclusiveness; equality of nations and integrity of their territories; liberation of the enslaved nations and the restoration of their sovereign rights; the right of every nation to manage its affairs in its own way; economic aid to nations that have suffered and assistance in establishing their material welfare; restoration of democratic liberties; destruction of the Hitler regime,

Unlike Hitlerite Germany, the Soviet Union and its Allies are waging a war for liberation—a just war for the liberation of the enslaved peoples of Europe and the U.S.S.R. from Hitler's tyranny. Therefore, all honest people must support the armies of the U.S.S.R., Great Britain and the other allies as armies of liberation.

We have not nor can we have such war aims as the seizure of foreign territories or the conquest of other peoples, irrespective of whether European peoples and territories or Asiatic peoples and territories, including Iran, are concerned. Our first aim is to liberate our territories and our peoples from the German Nazi yoke.

—Moscow, November 6, 1941.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Thus appart from self-defence and self-preservation, our war carries also the purpose of bringing about a state of happiness for the good of both the Chinese and the Japanese peoples.

—*Hankow, July 7, 1938.*

* * *

The aim we and our allies have set before us in the present war is freedom and security for humanity and its civilization. We are not concerned with the selfish interests of a single nation or country. In striking contrast with the ambition of the Axis to subject other races to the tyranny of one that claims superiority, our desire is to see proper importance attached to the interests of all races.

Resistance is an expression of our solicitude for the well-being of all mankind and our determination to make it possible for the world to enjoy genuine peace. It is also a demonstration of our faith in the Three Principles of the People.

—*Chungking, October 10, 1942.*

* * *

But the bright promise of the future, which has done much to sustain us during our grim struggle with Japan will cruelly vanish, if after paying the price this second time, we do not achieve the reality of world co-operation.

I hear that my American friends have confidence in the experience of men who have "come up the hard way". My long struggles as a soldier of the Chinese Revolution have forced me to realise the necessity of facing hard facts. There will be neither peace, nor hope, nor future for any of us unless we honestly aim at political, social and economic justice for all peoples

of the world, great and small. But I feel confident that we of the United Nations can achieve that aim only by starting at once to organise an international order embracing all peoples to enforce peace and justice among men. To make that start we must begin today and not tomorrow to apply these principles among ourselves even at some sacrifice to the absolute powers of our individual countries. We should bear in mind one of the most inspiring utterances of the last world war, that of Edith Cavell: "standing at the brink of the grave, I feel that patriotism alone is not enough."

We Chinese are not so blind as to believe that the new international order will usher in the millennium. But we do not look upon it as visionary. The idea of universal brotherhood is innate in the catholic nature of Chinese thought; it was the dominant concept of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whom events have proved time and again to be not a visionary but one of the world's greatest realists.

Among our friends there has been recently some talk of China emerging as the leader of Asia, as if China wished the mantle of an unworthy Japan to fall on her shoulders. Having herself been the victim of exploitation, China has infinite sympathies for the submerged nations of Asia, and toward them China feels she has only responsibilities not rights. We repudiate the idea of leadership of Asia because the "Fuehrer Principle" has been synonymous for domination and exploitation, precisely as the "East Asia Co-prosperity sphere" has stood for a race of mythical supermen lording over grovelling subject races.

China has no desire to replace Western Imperialism in Asia with an oriental imperialism or isolationism of its own or of any one else. We hold that we must advance from the narrow idea of exclusive alliance and regional blocs which in the end make for bigger and better wars, to effective organisation of world unity.

Unless real world co-operation replaces both isolationism and imperialism of whatever form, in the new interdependent world of free nations, there will be no lasting security for you or for us.

—*New York, November 17, 1942.*

FIELD MARSHAL JAN C. SMUTS

Behind all the issues of this war lies a deeper question now posed in the world. Which do you choose—the free spirit of man and the moral idealism that has shaped the value and ideas of our civilisation, or the horrid substitute, this foul obsession now resuscitated from the underworld of the past?

This, in the last analysis, is what the war is about. At the bottom, therefore, this war is a new crusade, a new fight to the death for man's rights and liberties and for the personal ideals of man's life.

I, therefore, come to the question: What is the sort of world which we envisage as our objective after the war?...What sort of social and international order are we aiming at?

These are very important questions deserving our most careful attention if we mean not only to win the war but also the peace.

Our ideas on these matters, 22 years ago, were much too vague and crude and, at the same time, much too ambitious, with the result that when they came to be tested by hard experience they proved wanting and their failure helped to contribute to the present conflict. With that experience before us we ought this time to hammer out something more clear, definite and practical.

—*October 22, 1942.*

VISCOUNT HALIFAX

...Although we know we are fighting for our lives, we do not see the war simply as one of self-preservation. Although we are determined to rid Europe of Hitler and all his works, we are certainly not so foolish as to suppose that the world after the war will be the same world as it was before it. Although we see the war as one of liberation for the enslaved peoples, we also see it as the struggle to keep open the door from a Christian past to a more Christian future.

—*Washington, September 20, 1942.*

ANTHONY EDEN

I believe that this war, with the immeasurable evil it has brought in its train, has done one good thing for us. It has restored our moral purpose, our belief in ourselves. We have learned, I hope, that peace is something that must be won and worked for and paid for. We have learned that past heroism is only valuable if linked to present courage, that ideas disregard frontiers, that unemployment or war in one country brings unemployment or war in others, that peace requires endurance, sacrifice, and vigilance as much as war. Even after the victory there can be no easy road to peace.

—*Leamington, September 26, 1942.*

WENDELL WILLKIE

When you fly around the world in forty-nine days, you learn that the world has become small not only on the map, but also in the minds of men. All around the world, there are some ideas which millions of men hold in common, almost as much as if they lived in the same town. One of these ideas and one which I report

without hesitation, has tremendous significance for us in America; it is the mixture of respect and hope with which the world looks to this country.

Whether I was talking to a resident of Belem or Natal in Brazil, or one toting his burden on his head in Nigeria, or a prime minister or a king in Egypt, or a veiled woman in ancient Bagdad, or a Shah or a weaver of carpets in legendary Persia, now known as Iran, or a follower of Attaturk in those streets of Ankara which look so like the streets of our Middle Western cities or to a strong-limbed, resolute, factory worker in Russia, or to Stalin himself, or the enchanting wife of the great Generalissimo of China, or a Chinese soldier at the front, or a fur-capped hunter on the edge of the trackless forests of Siberia—whether I was talking to any of these people, or to any others, I found that they have all one common bond, and that is their deep friendship for the United States.

They each and every one, turn to the United States with a friendliness that is often akin to genuine affection. I came home certain of one clear and significant fact: that there exists in the world today a gigantic reservoir of goodwill towards us, the American people...

...The existence of this reservoir is the biggest political fact of our time. No other Western nation has such a reservoir. Ours must be used to unify the peoples of the earth in the human quest for freedom and justice.

It must be maintained so that, with confidence, they may fight and work with us against the gigantic evil forces that are seeking to destroy all that we stand for, all that they hope for. The preservation of this reservoir of goodwill is a sacred responsibility, not alone towards the aspiring peoples of the earth, but towards our own sons who are fighting this battle on every continent. For the water in this reservoir is the clean, invigorating water of freedom.

Neither Hitler nor Mussolini nor Hirohito, with their propaganda or by their arms, can take from us this unifying force in the world—or divide us among ourselves or from our allies, as long as we do not make a mockery of our protestations of the ideals for which we have proclaimed we fight. A policy of expediency will prove inexpedient. For it will lose us the invaluable spiritual and practical assets that come from the faith of the peoples of the world in both our ideals and our methods.

If we permit ourselves to become involved in the machinations of Old World intrigue and religious, nationalistic and racial blocks, we will find ourselves amateurs indeed. If we stand true to our basic principles, then we shall find ourselves professionals of the kind of world towards which men in every part of it are aspiring.....

I have travelled through thirteen countries, I have seen kingdoms, soviets, republics, mandated areas, colonies, and dependencies. I have seen an almost bewildering variety of ways of living and ways of ruling and being ruled. But I have found certain things common to all the countries I have visited and to all the ordinary people in those countries with whom I have talked.

They all want the United Nations to win the war.

They all want a chance at the end of the war to live in liberty and independence.

They all doubt, in varying degrees, the readiness of the leading democracies of the world to stand up and be counted for freedom for others after the war is over. This doubt kills their enthusiastic participation on our side.

Now without the real support of these common people, the winning of the war will be enormously difficult. The winning of the peace will be nearly

impossible. This war is not a simple technical problem for task forces. It is a war for men's minds. We must organise on our side not simply the sympathies but the active, aggressive, offensive spirit of nearly three-fourths of the people of the world who live in South America, Africa, eastern Europe, and Asia. We have not done this and at present are not doing this. We have got to do it.

Men need more than arms with which to fight and win this kind of war. They need enthusiasm for the future and a conviction that the flags they fight under are in bright, clean colours. The truth is that we as a nation have not made up our minds what kind of world we want to speak for when victory comes.

Especially in Asia the common people feel that we have asked them to join us for no better reason than that the Japanese rule would be even worse than Western Imperialism. This is a continent where the record of the Western democracies has been long and mixed, but where people—and remember there are a billion of them—are determined no longer to live under foreign control. Freedom and opportunity are the words which have modern magic for the people of Asia, and we have let the Japanese—the most cruel imperialists the modern world has known—steal these words from us and corrupt them to their own uses.....

Even the name of the Atlantic Charter disturbs thoughtful men and women I have been talking to. Do all of those who signed it, these people ask, agree that it applies to the Pacific? We must answer this question with a clear and simple statement of where we stand. And we must begin to swear over our common problem of translating such a statement into plans which will be concrete and meaningful to the lives of these millions of people who are our Allies.

In Africa, in the Middle East, throughout the Arab world, as well as in China and the whole Far East,

freedom means the orderly but scheduled abolition of the colonial system. Whether we like it or not this is true.

The world is awake, at last, to the knowledge that the rule of one people by other peoples is not freedom, and not what we must fight to preserve.

—*Extracts from Willkie's book
'One World.'*

EDUARD BENES

In the moral sense Nazism means the end of the civilisation of the twentieth century. In the world of the moral and intellectual values modern Nazism is a desert, more arid, more sandy and more devoid of all spiritual life than is the Sahara...

The life which the Nazi ideological and political system has brought to Germany and Europe means spiritual and moral death; such a life is not worth living. That is why we are fighting...

No decent discussion, no acceptable compromise, no agreement was ever possible with Nazism or will ever be possible. That is in the essence of Nazism. Just as no agreement is or ever was possible between the tiger and the lamb. That is what I am striving for—that no decent man in Europe should ever forget this.

—*Cardiff, Wales, March 1, 1940.*

PEARL BUCK

The peoples of Asia are further from us today than they ever have been. They are realizing soberly that they must find their salvation in themselves, and not with us. Allies we are, to a certain guarded

degree for a moment, for a while, but they cannot trust us. They see that while this first stage of the war must be won against the Axis, there will be another war, following hard upon this one, a greater war, the real war for freedom, in which none yet sees clearly either friend or foe. It is not now so certain what this first war will gain us. Perhaps it will not even save civilisation for us. For it is in wars that civilisations are lost, if they go on too long. Good ends are too often lost in the means...

So in this fashion, the danger is that this war will cease to be a war for freedom and become merely a war against the Axis. All of Asia now knows and acknowledges, and so must we if we are honest, that the principles of human equality and human freedom have nothing to do with our victory in this war. Certainly the peoples of Asia are now coming to believe that for them our victory will have nothing to do with freedom and equality.

And who can give them any other hope? One hears everywhere of plans for a reconstructed Europe, of plans for feeding Europe's hungry millions, of health measures for Europe's sick and wounded.

But who hears anywhere of feeding India's hungry millions, hungry not only in the brief years of this war, but always hungry? Eighty per cent of India's people do not know and never have known what it is to be fed adequately. Yet there are no plans made for feeding them.....

I conceive it is our duty as citizens of democracy and as human beings not to be content today merely to put on a uniform of army or navy upon our bodies, or the uniform of docility upon our minds, or of expediency upon our hearts. Now, as never before in the history of the world, we who believe in liberty of the mind and freedom of the body must speak, again and again regardless of the danger to ourselves.

If we do not make this war into a war for freedom, we shall lose freedom, without which life is worthless. If freedom must be lost, then let us lose it boldly, still speaking what we know to be true and not in the timidity of silence. For us words are weapons.

—From a speech at a dinner of Nobel prize winners, New York, December, 10, 1942.

Dr. WANG CHUNG-LUI

One of the prerequisites to future lasting peace seems to me to be a wide-spread and deep-rooted determination to curb aggression whenever and wherever it may occur again. Only with such a determination can international peace be maintained. Diverse aspirations of different nations must be readjusted and harmonized. Above all, certain minimum powers which are indispensable to the successful functioning of a world security system must be turned over to an international organ. Otherwise it would be difficult to curb aggression and preserve peace in the future. The United Nations should be united both for victory and for peace, for an early victory and for a lasting peace. ... We should concentrate more than ever our thoughts and efforts on our two fold task. And the Chinese nation stands second to none in its readiness and willingness to contribute its share.

—Chungking, June 23, 1943.

HENRY A. WALLACE.

It is to preserve this New World identity, this New World love of liberty, this New World love of peace, this New World love of education and the dignity of the common man, that Mexico and the United States and other New World countries have joined in the great struggle of the United Nations.

—Los Angeles, September 16, 1942.

SIR S. RADHAKRISHNAN

If the sequel to victory is not to be frustration, the urge to return to pre-war habits and procedures in relation among nations, requires to be checked. We need re-education of human nature and re-organisation of our political and economic institutions.....

If we fight for Empires and race domination, we fight on the wrong side, we fight for tyranny and we belong to Hitler. In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Churchill said 'What we have we hold.' The Minister for Information, Mr. Brenden Bracken, affirmed "people who maintain that pre-war England is dead for ever are making a very great mistake". These are the worst portents for the future. If after victory we revert to our past, if we think of the future in terms of holding on to what we have, preserving our privileges and maintaining our class position at home and possessions abroad, this war is a criminal waste and the world will be in flames again.....

All those who are sensitive to the horrors of modern war, its unspeakable sorrow, suffering and sacrifice are asking themselves whether it is not possible to save human civilization, whether we cannot reorganise the foundations of civilized life so as to make the world safe for humanity. I think that the most decisive years of human history will not be so much the years of war culminating in final victory as the period immediately following it. In the last war many people willingly accepted suffering and anguish and millions gave up their lives in the hope of making the world safe for democracy and the spirit of man and, in the years following victory, their hopes were betrayed and peace was lost. Not to be betrayed once again we have to defeat tyranny in the realms of thought and create a will for world peace.

—In an address to a conference of Universities in India, December 15, 1943.

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